



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

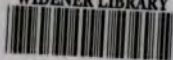
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

2
1
WIDENER LIBRARY



HX JRTI E

25257.12.5

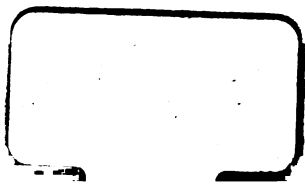
Harvard College Library



FROM THE BEQUEST OF
FRANCIS BROWN HAYES

Class of 1839

OF LEXINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS







②

- ROBIN HOOD:

A COLLECTION OF THE

POPULAR POEMS, SONGS, AND BALLADS,

RELATIVE TO THAT

CELEBRATED ENGLISH OUTLAW.

“ A famous man is Robin Hood,
“ The English Ballad-singer's joy.”

WORDSWORTH.

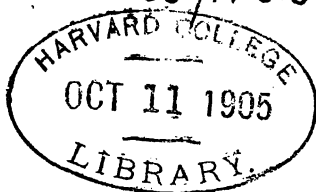
EDINBURGH :

PRINTED BY JAMES CLARKE AND COMPANY,

FOR WILLIAM HUNTER, AND CHARLES SMITH & CO.
HANOVER STREET, EDINBURGH ; A. LEADBETTER,
AND W. GRIEVE, KELSO ; J. WILSON, BERWICK ; W.
DAVIDSON, ALNWICK ; AND J. FINLAY, NEWCASTLE.

1826.

25257.12.5



Hayes fund

B. L. Lawrence

61184
55-12-11
45

PREFACE.

WE do not intend to maintain, either the noble extraction of Robin Hood, or the antiquity of the Ballads in which his adventures are related. Those who wish for information on these subjects will find it, in abundance, in *The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, and in the *Collection of Ballads relating to Robin Hood*, reprinted by Longman & Co. in 1820. But we cannot entirely pass over the biography of our Hero, or that of the scarcely less renowned Little John :

Fidus Achates
It comes, et paribus curis vestigia figit.

Of those celebrated characters, it is related by Stowe, that “ In this time* were many robbers and outlaws, among the wich Robert

* 1190. In the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion.

Hood and Little John continued in woodes, despoiling & robbing the goods of the rich. The said Robert entertained an hundred tall men & good archers with such spoiles as he got, upon whome four hundred were they neuer so strong, durst not giue the onset. Poore mens goods he spared, abundantly relieuing them with that which he got from Abbies, and the houses of rich carles." ✓

The fate of Little John (so called, as Boethius informs us, *per ironiam*,) is one of our historical problems. The three united kingdoms have contended for the honor of possessing his remains. While the English maintain that he was buried in Derbyshire, and the Irish that he was hanged at Dublin, we of the "north countree" hold that he came to lay his weary bones among us, at the Kirk of Petty, upon the Moray Firth. Thus, one chronicler relates, that he fled from Ireland "into Scotland, where he died at a town or village called Moravie." And in Bellenden's translation of Hector Boece, we are informed, that "In Murray land is the Kirk of Pette, quhare the banis of lytill Johne remanis in gret admiratioun of pepill. He hes been fourtene fut of hycht, with squair mem-

bris effeiring thairto. vi zeris afore the cum-
 yng of this werk to lycht, we saw his hanche
 bane, als meikill as the haill bane of ane man*,
 for we schot our arme in the mouth thairof.
 Be quhilk apperis how strang and square pe-
 pill grew in our regionn afore they were effe-
 minat with lust and intemperance of mouth."

As an apology for the present Edition, it
 may be mentioned, that the Ballads bearing
 the title of "Robin Hood's Garland," are not
 only scarce, but are coarsely and inaccurately
 printed, and contain many objectionable pas-

* Harison, who "turned" this translation "into English,"
 says, "Hitherto I have translated Hector's description of Scotland
 out of the Scottish into the English toong, being not a little aided
 therein by the Latine, from whence sometime the translator
 swarveth not a little, as I have done also from him, now and then
 following the Latine, and now and then gathering such sense out
 of both as most did stand with my purposed brevitie." Better
 illustrations of their "swarving" can scarcely be given, than, that
 in Belfenden's translation, the *crus humanum* is rendered the
 "haill bane of ane man," while Harison translates it "the whole
 thigh."

The original Latin text of Boethius is, "Seruantur in temple
 Pette regionis Morauie ossa cujusdam per Ironiam Litol Jhon, id
 est Minoris Joannis dicti quem figura quantitasque ossium quatuor-
 decem pedum longitudine fuisse demonstrant pari cum ea crassitu-
 dine. Vidimus enim ipsi ab hinc sex annis *os cosendicis* ipse non
 minus longitudine *totius cruris humani crassitudine suræ*. Cujus,
 in concouitate brachium inseruimus, indicio quantarum molium
 ferax olim regio nostra esse consueuerit, ubi nondum vorandi in-
 gurgitandique tanta gentem nostram libido inuasisset."

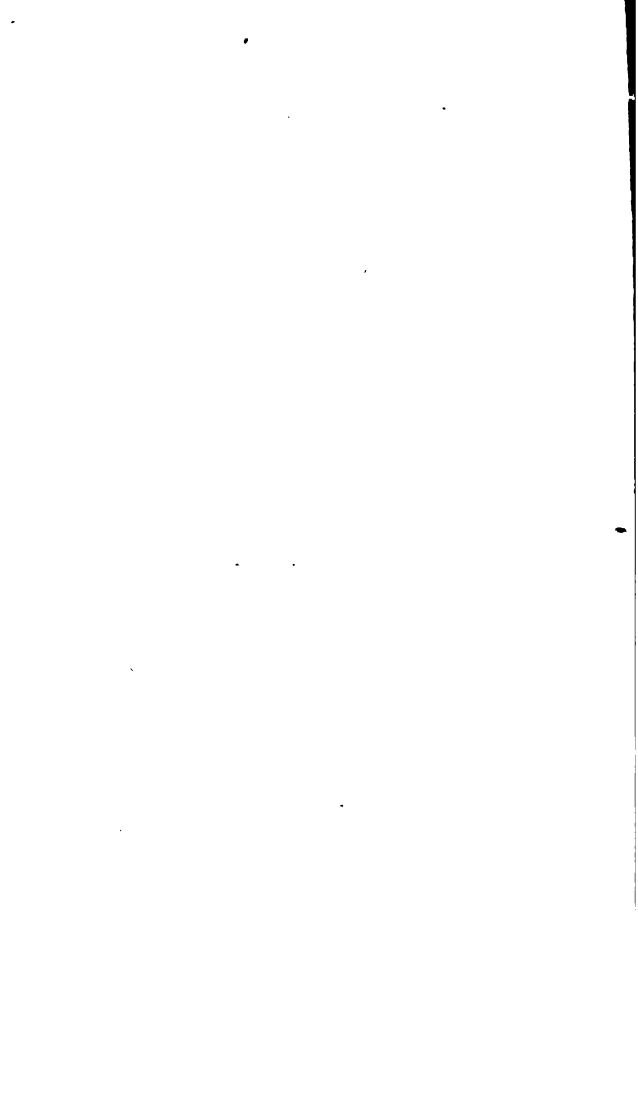
sages, which the Editor of the London Edition has very properly altered or omitted. In the "Garland" also, the indispensable Ballad of *Maid Marian*, and *The Death and Burial of Robin Hood*, one of the best in the whole collection, are omitted. But the London Edition of the Ballads could never have been intended for popular use. The Life—the Notes and Illustrations—the unquestionably ancient Legends—and, consequently, the Price of the publication, all combine in excluding that work from a place among the Ballads, for which it is very questionable whether better substitutes have been provided, while

" Our ancient English melodies
Are banish'd out of doors."

Edinburgh, October, 1826.

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
I.—Robin Hood's Birth, Breeding, &c.	1
II.—Robin Hood and Little John	7
III.—Progress to Nottingham	12
IV.—Robin Hood and the Bishop	14
V.—The Pinder of Wakefield	17
VI.—The Tanner	19
VII.—Rescue of the Widow's Sons	24
VIII.—Allen-a-Dale	27
IX.—The Butcher	30
X.—The Tinker	34
XI.—The Shepherd	39
XII.—The Curtal Friar	42
XIII.—The Golden Prize	47
XIV.—Will Stutely's Rescue	50
XV.—The Noble Fisherman	55
XVI.—Robin Hood's Delight	58
XVII.—The Beggar	61
XVIII.—Little John and the Four Beggars	64
XIX.—The Stranger, (Will Scarlet)	67
XX.—The Ranger	77
XXI.—The Bishop of Hereford	80
XXII.—Maid Marian	82
XXIII.—Queen Katharine	85
XXIV.—Robin Hood's Chase	90
XXV.—The King's Disguise	92
XXVI.—The Golden Arrow	97
XXVII.—The Valliant Knight	101
XXVIII.—Robin Hood's Death and Burial	104
XXIX.—Robin Hood's Epitaph	106



A
NEW BALLAD
OF
BOLD ROBIN HOOD,

*Shewing his Birth, Breeding, Valour, and Marriage at
Titbury Bull-running.*

KIND gentlemen, will ye be patient a while ?

Ay, and then ye shall hear anon,
A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,
And of his man, brave Little John.

In Locksley town, in fair Nottinghamshire,
In merry sweet Locksley town,
There bold Robin Hood he was born and bred,
Bold Robin of famous renown.

The father of Robin a forester was,
And he shot in a lusty strong bow
Two north country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the Pinder of Wakefield does know.

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Cleugh,
And William of Cloudealè,
To shoot with the forester for forty mark,
And the forester beat them all three.

His mother was niece to the Coventry Knight,
Whom Warwickshire men call Sir Guy,
For he slew the great boar that hangs up at the Gate,
Or mine host of the Bull tells a lie.

Her brother was Gamwel, of great Gamwel Hall,
A noble house-keeper was he,
As ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,
And a 'Squire of famous degree.

This mother of Robin said to her husband,
My honey, my love, and my dear,
Let Robin and I ride this morn to Gamwel,
To taste of my brother's good cheer.

And he said, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan,
Take one of my horses, I pray ;
The sun is arising, and therefore make haste,
For to-morrow is Christmas Day.

Then Robin Hood's father's grey gelding was brought,
And saddled and bridled was he,
God wot, a blue bonnet, his new suit of clothes,
And a cloak that reach'd down to his knee.

She got on her holyday kirtle and gown,
They were of a light Lincoln green :
The cloth was home-spun, but for colour and make,
It might well beseem our good queen.

And then Robin got on his basket-hilt sword,
And a dagger on his t'other side ;
And said, My dear mother, let's haste to be gone,
We have forty long miles for to ride.

When Robin had mounted his gelding so grey,
His father, without any trouble,
Set her up behind him, and bid her not fear,
For his gelding had oft carried double.

And when she was settled, they rode to their neighbours,

And drank and shook hands with them all,
And then Robin galloped and never gave over,
Till they lighted at Gamwel Hall.

And now you may think the right worshipful Squire,
Was joyful his sister to see;
For he kissed her, and blessed her, and swore a great
Thou art welcome, kind sister, to me. [oath,
The morrow, when mass had been said in the chapel,
Six tables were laid in the Hall;
And in came the 'Squire and made a short speech,
It was, Neighbours, you're welcome all.
But not a man here shall taste my March beer,
Till a Christmas carol he sing.
Then all clapt their hands, and they shouted and sung,
Till the hall and the parlour did ring.
Now mustard and brawn, roast beef, and plum-pies,
Were set upon every table;
And noble George Gamwel said, Eat and be merry,
And drink too, as long as you're able.
When dinner was over, his chaplain said grace,
And, Be merry, my friends, said the 'Squire,
It rains and it blows, but call for more ale,
And lay some more wood on the fire.
And now call ye Little John hither to me,
For Little John is a fine lad,
At gambols, and jugglings, and twenty such tricks,
As shall make you both merry and glad.
When Little John came, to gambols they went,
Both gentlemen, yeomen, and clown.
And what do you think? Why, as true as I live,
Bold Robin Hood put them all down.
And now you may think, the right worshipful Squire
Was joyful this sight for to see:
For he said, Cousin Robin, thou'st go no more home,
But tarry and dwell here with me.
Thou shalt have my land when I die; and till then
Thou shalt be the staff of my age.
Then grant me my boon, dear uncle, said Robin,
That Little John may be my page.

And he said, kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon,
With all my heart, so let it be.
Then come hither, Little John, said Robin Hood,
Come hither, my page, unto me.
Go fetch me my bow, my longest long bow,
And broad arrows one, two, or three ;
And when 'tis fair weather, we'll into Sherwood,
Some merry pastime for to see.
When, Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,
He winded his bugle so clear ;
And twice five and twenty bold yeomen and good,
Before Robin Hood did appear.
Where are your companions all ? said Robin Hood,
For still I want forty and three ?
Then said a bold yeoman, Lo, yonder they stand,
All under the Green Wood Tree.
As that word was spoken, Clorinda came by,
The queen of the shepherds was she :
And her gown was of velvet as green as the grass,
And her buskin did reach to her knee.
Her gait it was graceful, her body was straight,
And her countenance free from all pride ;
A bow in her hand, and a quiver of arrows,
Hung dangling down by her sweet side.
Her eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her hair,
And her skin was as smooth as glass ;
Her visage spoke wisdom and modesty too :
Suits with Robin Hood such a lass !
Says Robin Hood, Lady fair, whither away,
O whither, fair lady, away ?
And she made him answer, To kill a fat buck,
For to-morrow is Titbury day.
Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, wander with me
A little to yonder green bower,
There sit down to rest you, and you may be sure
Of a brace or a leash in an hour.

And as they were going towards the green bower,
Two hundred good bucks they espy'd,
She chose of the fattest that was in the herd,
And shot him through side and side.
By the faith of my body, said bold Robin Hood,
I never saw woman like thee ;
And com'st thou from east, or com'st thou from west,
Thou need'st not beg venison of me.
However, along to my bower thou shalt go,
And taste of a forester's meat :
And when we came thither we found as good cheer,
As any man needs for to eat.
For there was hot venison, and warden pies cold,
Cream clouted, and honey-combs plenty ;
And the servitors they were, besides Little John,
Good yeomen at least four and twenty.
Clorinda said, Tell me your name, gentle Sir,
And he said, It is bold Robin Hood ;
'Squire Gamwel's my uncle, but all my delight
Is to ramble in merry Sherwood.
For 'tis a fine life, and 'tis void of all strife ;
So 'tis, Sir, Clorinda reply'd ;
But O ! said bold Robin, how sweet would it be
If Clorinda would now be my bride.
She blush'd at the motion ; yet, after a pause,
Said Yes, Sir, and with all my heart,
Then let's send for a priest, said bold Robin Hood,
And be married before we do part.
But she said, it may not be so, gentle Sir,
For I must be at Titbury feast ;
And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,
I'll make him a most welcome guest.
Said Robin Hood, Reach me that buck, Little John,
For I'll go along with my dear ;
And bid my brisk yeomen kill six brace of bucks,
And meet me to-morrow just here.

Before they had ridden five Staffordshire miles,
Eight yeomen that were brave and bold,
Bid Robin stand and deliver his buck :—
A truer tale never was told.

I will not, indeed, said bold Robin ; Come, John,
Stand by me and we'll beat them all ;
They both drew their swords, and so cut 'em and
slash'd 'em,
That five of the eight did fall.

The three that remain'd call'd to Robin for quarter,
And, pitiful, John begg'd their lives ; [counsel,
When John's boon was granted, he gave them good
And sent them all home to their wives.

This battle was fought near Titbury town,
When the bagpipes baited the bull ;
I'm the king of the fiddlers, and I swear 'tis a truth,
And I call him that doubts it a gull.

For I saw them fighting, and fiddled the while,
And Clorinda sung " Hey derry down ;
The bumpkins are beaten, put up thy sword, Bob,
" And now let's dance into the town."

Before we came in we heard a great shouting,
And all that were in it look'd madly ;
For some were on bull back, some dancing a morris,
And some singing Arthur A'Bradley.
And there we saw Thomas, our Justice's clerk,
And Mary, to whom he was kind ;
For Tom rode before her, and called Mary, Madam,
And kiss'd her full sweetly behind.

And so may your worships : But we went to dinner,
With Thomas, and Mary, and Nan,
They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her
Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.

When dinner was ended, Sir Roger, the parson
Of Dubbridge, was sent for in haste,
He brought his mass book, and bid them take hands,
And he join'd them in marriage full fast.

And then as bold Robin Hood, and his sweet bride,
 Went hand in hand to the green bower,
 The birds sung with pleasure in merry Sherwood,
 And 'twas a most joyful hour.

And when Robin Hood came in sight of the bower,
 Where are all my good yeomen ? said he ;
 And Little John answered, Lo, yonder they stand
 All under the Green Wood Tree.

Then a garland they brought her, by two and by two,
 And plac'd it all on the bride's head,
 Then music struck up, and they all fell to dance,
 Till the bride and bridegroom were a-bed.

And [now of Squire Gamwel and fat harts of Greece,
 And Clorinda no more can I say,
 For] I made haste home ; but I got a good piece
 Of the bride-cake, and so came away.

Now, alas ! I had almost forgotten to tell ye,
 That married they were with a ring ;
 And so will Nan Knight, or be buried a maiden :
 And now let us pray for the king ;

That he may have children, and they may have more,
 To govern and do us some good ;
 And then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bower,
 And sing them in merry Sherwood.

II.—ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN ;

*Being an Account of their First Meeting, their fierce
 Encounter and Conquest ; to which is added, their
 friendly Agreement, and how he came to be called
 Little John.*

Tune—" Arthur A-Bland."

When Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,
 He happened to meet Little John,
 A jolly brisk blade, right fit for his trade,
 For he was a lusty young man.

Tho' he was called Little, his limbs they were large,
And his stature was seven feet high ;
Wherever he came, they quak'd at his name,
For soon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
If you will but listen awhile ;
For this very jest, among all the rest,
I think it may cause you to smile.

For Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen,
Pray tarry you here in this grove,
And see that you all observe well my call,
While thorough the forest I rove.

We have had no sport for these fourteen long days,
Therefore now abroad will I go ;
Now, should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
My horn I will presently blow.

Then did he shake hands with his merry men all,
And bid them at present good b' w' ye,
Then, as near the brook his journey he took,
A stranger he chanc'd to espy.

They happen'd to meet on a long narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way ;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
I'll show you right Nottingham play.

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
A broad arrow with a goose-wing :
The stranger reply'd, I'll liquor thy hide,
If thou offer to touch the string.

Quoth bold Robin Hood, thou dost prate like an ass,
For, were I to bend but my bow,
I could send a dart quite thro' thy proud heart,
Before thou couldst strike me one blow.

Thou talkest like a coward, the stranger reply'd,
Well armed with a long-bow you stand,
To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,
Have nought but a staff in my hand.

The name of a coward, quoth Robin, I scorn,
Therefore my long-bow I'll lay by ;
And now, for thy sake, a staff I will take,
The truth of thy manhood to try.

Then Robin Hood stepp'd to a thicket of trees,
And chose him a staff of good oak :
Now this being done, away he did run
To the stranger, and merrily spoke,
Lo ! see my staff is lusty and tough,
Now here on the bridge we will play,
Whoever falls in, the other shall win
The battle, and so we'll away.

With all my whole heart, the stranger reply'd,
I scorn in the least to give out ;
This said, they fell to't, without any dispute,
And their staves they did flourish about.

At first, Robin gave the stranger a bang,
So hard, that it made his bones ring ;
The stranger, he said, this must be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.

So long as I'm able to handle a staff,
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn.
Then to it each goes, and followed their blows
As if they'd been thrashing of corn.

The stranger gave Robin a knock on the crown,
Which caused the blood to appear,
Then Robin enraged, more fiercely engag'd,
And followed his blows more severe.

So thick and so fast did he lay it on him,
With a passionate fury and ire,
At every stroke he made him to smoke,
As if he had been all on fire.

O then into fury the stranger he grew,
And gave him a horrible look,
And with it a blow that laid him full low,
And tumbled him into the brook.

I prithee, good fellow, O where art thou now ?

The stranger, in laughter, he cried,

Quoth bold Robin Hood, good faith in the flood,
And a-floating along with the tide.

I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul,
With thee I'll no longer contend ;

For needs I must say, that thou hast got the day,
Our battle shall be at an end.

Then unto the bank he did presently wade,
And pulled himself out by a thorn :

Which done, at the last, he blew a loud blast,
Straightway on his fine bugle horn,

The echoes of which through the valleys did ring,
At which his stout bowmen appear'd,

And clothed in green, most gay to be seen,
So up to their master they steered.

O what is the matter, quoth William Stutely,
Good master you are wet to the skin :

No matter, quoth he, the lad which you see,
In fighting hath tumbled me in.

He shall not go Scot-free, the other reply'd,

So straight they were seizing him there,

To duck him likewise, but Robin Hood cries,
He is a stout fellow ! forbear.

There's no one shall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid,

These bowmen upon me do wait ;

There's three score and nine, if thou wilt be mine,

Thou shalt have my livery straight,

And other accoutrements fitting also ;

Speak up, jolly blade, never fear ;

I'll teach thee also the use of the bow,

To shoot at the fat fallow deer.

O here is my hand, the stranger reply'd,

I'll serve thee with all my whole heart ;

My name is John Little, a man of good mettle,

Never doubt me but I'll play my part.

His name shall be altered, quoth William Stutely,
And I will his godfather be ;
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,
For we will be merry, quoth he.
They presently fetched in a brace of fat does,
With humming strong liquor likewise ;
They loved what was good ; so, in the Green Wood,
This sweet pretty babe they baptize.
He was, I must tell you, but seven feet high,
And, may be, an ell in the waist ;
A sweet pretty lad. Much feasting they had :
Bold Robin the christening grac'd.
With all his bowmè, which stood in a ring,
And were of the Nottingham breed ;
Brave Stutely came then, with seven yeomè,
And did in this manner proceed :
This infant was called John Little, quoth he,
Which name shall be changed anon,
The words we'll transpose, so wherever he goes,
His name shall be called Little John.
They all with a shout made the elements ring ;
So soon as the office was o'er,
To feasting they went with true merriment,
And tippled strong liquor galore.
Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,
And cloth'd him from top to the toe
In garments of green, most gay to be seen,
And gave him a curious long bow.
Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
And range in the Green Wood with us,
Where we'll not want gold nor silver, behold,
While bishops have ought in their purse.
We live here like squires or lords of renown,
Without ere a foot of free land ;
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale, and beer,
And every thing at our command.

Then music and dancing did finish the day ;
 At length, when the sun waxed low,
 Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
 And unto their caves they did go.
 And so ever after as long as he liv'd,
 Although he was proper and tall,
 Yet, nevertheless, the truth to express,
 Still Little John they did him call.

III.—ROBIN HOOD'S PROGRESS TO NOTTINGHAM.

ROBIN HOOD he was a tall young man,
Derry, derry, down ;
 Of fifteen winters old ;
 And Robin Hood he was a proper young man,
 Of courage stout and bold ;
Hey down, derry, derry down.

Robin Hood he would and to fair Nottingham,
 With the general for to dine ;
 There was he aware of fifteen foresters,
 And a drinking beer, ale, and wine.
 What news, what news, said bold Robin Hood,
 What news fain would'st thou know ;
 Our king hath provided a shooting match !
 And I'm ready with my bow.

We hold it in scorn, said the foresters,
 That ever a boy so young
 Should bear a bow before our king,
 That's not able to draw one string.

I'll hold you twenty marks, said bold Robin Hood,
 By the leave of our lady,
 That I'll hit the mark an hundred rod,
 And I'll cause an hart to dye.

We'll hold you twenty marks, said the foresters,
 By the leave of our lady,
 Thou hit'st not the mark an hundred rod,
 Nor cause an hart to dye.

Robin Hood he bent his noble bow,

And a broad arrow he let flye,

He hit the mark an hundred rod,

And he caused an hart to dye.

Some say he broke ribs one or two,

And some say he broke three ;

The arrow in the hart would not abide,

But it glanced in two or three.

The hart did skip, and the hart did leap,

And the hart lay on the ground ;

The wager is mine, said bold Robin Hood,

If it were for a thousand pound.

The wager's none of thine, said the foresters,

Altho' thou beest in haste ;

Take up thy bow and get thee hence,

Lest we thy sides do baste.

Robin Hood he took up his noble bow,

And his broad arrows all amain ;

And Robin he laugh'd, and began for to smile,

As he went over the plain.

Then Robin he bent his noble bow,

And his broad arrows he let flye,

Till fourteen of the fifteen foresters

Upon the ground did lye.

He that did this quarrel first begin

Went tripping o'er the plain ;

But Robin Hood bent his noble bow,

And fetch'd him back again.

You said I was no archer, quoth he,

But say so now again :

With that he sent another arrow,

That split his head in twain.

You have found me an archer, saith Robin Hood,

Which will make your wives for to wring,

And wish that you had never spoken the word,

That I could not draw one string.

The people that liv'd in fair Nottingham
 Came running out amain,
 Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood,
 With the foresters that were slain.
 Some lost legs, and some lost arms,
 And some did lose their blood ;
 But Robin took up his nelfe bow,
 And is gone to the merry Green Wood.
 They carried these foresters to fair Nottingham,
 As many there do know ;
 They digg'd them graves in the church yard,
 And they buried them all in a row.

IV.—ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP ;

*Shewing how Robin went to an old Woman's house and
 changed clothes with her to escape from the Bishop ;
 and how he robbed him of his Gold, and made him
 sing a Mass.*

COME gentlemen all, and listen a while,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,
 And a story to you I'll unfold ;
 I'll tell you how Robin Hood served the Bishop,
 When he robb'd him of his Gold.
 As it fell out on a sunshining day,
 When Phoebus was in his prime ;
 Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
 In mirth would spend some time.
 And as he was walking the forest along,
 Some pastime for to spy,
 There was he aware of a proud Bishop,
 And all his company.
 O what shall I do, said Robin Hood then,
 If the Bishop he doth take me ?
 No mercy he'll shew unto me, I know,
 But hanged I shall be.

Then Robin was stout, and turn'd him about,

And a little house there did he spy ;

And to an old wife, to save his life,

He loud began for to cry ;

Why, who art thou ? said the old woman,

Come tell to me for good ;

I am an outlaw, as many do know,

And my name is Robin Hood.

And yonder's the bishop and all his men ;

And if that I taken be,

Then day and night he'll work me spite,

And hanged I shall be.

If thou be bold Robin Hood, said the old wife,

As thou dost seem to be,

I'll for thee provide, and thee I will hide,

From the bishop and his company.

For I remember, one Saturday night,

Thou brought'st me shoes and hose,

Therefore I'll provide, thy person to hide,

And keep thee from thy foe.

Then give me soon thy coat of grey,

And take you my mantle of green ;

Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,

And take thou my arrows so keen.

And when Robin Hood was so array'd,

He went straight to his company ;

With his spindle and twine, he oft look'd behind

For the bishop and his company.

O who is yonder, quoth Little John,

That now comes o'er the lee ?

An arrow will I at her let fly,

So like an old witch looks she.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold Robin Hood,

And shoot not thine arrows so keen ;

I am Robin Hood, thy master good,

As quickly shall be seen.

The bishop he came to the old woman's house,
And he call'd with furious mood ;
Come let me soon see, and bring unto me
That traitor Robin Hood.

The old woman he set on a milk-white steed,
Himself on a dapple grey ;
And for joy he had got Robin Hood,
He went laughing all the way.

But as they were riding the forest along,
The bishop chanced to see
A hundred brave bowmen stout and bold
Stand under the Green Wood Tree.

O who is yonder, the bishop then said,
That's ranging within yonder wood ?
Marry, says the old woman, I think it to be
A man called Robin Hood.

Why, who art thou, the bishop he said,
Which I have here with me ?
Why, I'm an old woman, thou haughty bishop,
As presently thou shalt see.

Then woe is me, the bishop he said,
That ever I saw this day !
He turn'd him about, but Robin so stout,
Call'd to him and bid him to stay.

Then Robin took hold of the bishop's horse,
And ty'd him fast to a tree ;
Then snail'd Little John his master upon,
For joy of his company.

Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the bishop's portmantle he
Soon told five hundred pound.

So now let him go, said Robin Hood,
Said Little John that may not be ;
For I vow and protest he shall sing us a mass,
Before that he go from me.

Then Robin Hood took the hishōp by the hand,
And he bound him fast to a tree,
And made him sing a mass, God wot,
To him and his yeomandree.
And then they brought him through the Wood,
And set him on his dapple grey,
And gave him the tail within his hand,
And bid him for Robin Hood pray.

V.—ROBIN HOOD AND THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD;

*Shewing how he fought with Robin Hood, Will Scarlet,
and Little John, a long Summer's Day.*

In Wakefield there lives a jolly Pinder,
In Wakefield all on the green,
There is neither Knight nor 'Squire, said the Pinder,
Nor Baron that is so bold,
Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold.
All that beheard three witty young men,
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John,
With that they espy'd the jolly Pinder,
As he sat under a thorn:

Now turn again, turn again, said the Pinder,
For a wrong way have you gone;
For you have forsaken the king's highway,
And made a path over the corn;
O that were a great shame, said jolly Robin,
We being three and thou but one;
The Pinder leap'd back then thirty good foot,
'Twas thirty good foot and one.

He lean'd his back fast to the thorn,
And his foot against a stone,
And there he fought a long summer's day,
And a summer's day so long.
Till that their swords on their broad bucklèrs
Were broken fast into their hands ;
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold Robin,
And my merry men every one ;
For this is one of the best Pinders
That ever I try'd with a sword.
And wilt thou forsake thy Pinder's craft,
And live in the Green Wood with me ?
At Michaelmas next my covenant comes out,
When every man gathers his fee ;
Then I'll take my blue blade all in my hand,
And plod to the Green Wood with thee.
Hast thou either meat or drink, said Robin Hood,
For my merry men and me ?
I have both bread and beef, said the Pinder,
And good ale of the best ;
And that's meat good enough, said Robin Hood,
For such unbidden guests.
O ! wilt thou forsake thy Pinder's craft,
And go to the Green Wood with me ?
Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,
One green and the other brown shall be.
If Michaelmas Day was come and gone,
And my master had paid me my fee,
Then would I set as little by him,
As my master doth by me.



VI. ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER ;

Or, Robin Hood met with his match.

Tune.—Robin Hood and the Stranger.

In Nottingham lives a jolly Tannèr,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,
 His name is Arthur a-Bland :
 There is never a 'Squire in Nottinghamshire,
 Dare bid bold Arthur stand.
 With a long pike staff upon his shouldèr,
 So well he can clear his way,
 By two and by three, he makes them to flee,
 For hē hath no list to stay.
 And as he went forth in a summer's morning
 To the forest of merry Sherwood,
 To view the red deer that range here and there,
 There met he with bold Robin Hood.

As soon as bold Robin did him espy,
He thought he some sport would make,
Therefore out of hand he bid him to stand,
And thus to him he spake.

Why, who art thou, thou bold fellow,
That rangeest so boldly here?
In sooth, to be brief, thou look'st like a thief,
That comes to steal our king's deer.

For I am a keeper in this forest,
The king puts me in trust,
To look to the deer that range here and there,
Therefore stay thee I must.

If thou be'st a keeper in this forest,
And hast such great command,
Yet thou must have more partakers in store
Before that thou make me to stand.

No, I have no more partakers in store,
Or any that I do need,
But I have a staff of another oak graft,
I know it will do the deed.

For thy sword and thy bow I care not a straw,
Nor all thy arrows to boot,
If I get a knop upon thy bare scap,
Thou canst as well [spit] as shoot.

Speak cleanly, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
And give better terms unto me;
Else thee I'll correct for thy neglect,
And make thee more mannerly.

Marry gep with a wenion! quoth Arthur a-Bland,
Art thou such a goodly man?
I care not a fig for thy looking so big,
Mend thou thyself where thou can.

Then Robin Hood he unbuckled his belt,
And laid down his bow so long;
He took up a staff of another oak graft,
That was both stiff and strong.

I yield to thy weapon, said jolly Robin,
Since thou wilt not yield to mine ;
For I have a staff of another oak graft,
Not half a foot longer than thine.
But let me measure, said jolly Robin,
Before we begin the fray,
For I will not have mine to be longer than thine,
For that will be counted foul play.
I pass not for length, bold Arthur reply'd,
My staff is of oak so free ;
Eight foot and a half, it will knock down a calf,
And I hope it will knock down thee.
Then Robin he could no longer forbear,
But gave him a heavy good knock,
Quickly and soon the blood it ran down,
Before it was ten o'clock.
Then Arthur soon recovered himself,
And gave him such a knock on the crown,
That from every side of Robin Hood's head,
The blood came trickling down.
Then Robin rag'd like a wild boar,
As soon as he saw his own blood ;
Then Bland was in haste, he laid on him so fast,
As if he had been cleaving of wood.
And about, and about, and about they went,
Like two wild boars in a chase,
Striving to aim each other to maim,
Leg, arm, or any other place ;
And knock for knock they lustily dealt,
Which held two hours or more,
That all the wood rang at every bang,
They plied their work so sore.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
And let our quarrel fall,
For here we may thrash all our bones to mesh,
And get no corn at all.

And in the forest of merry Sherwood

Hereafter thou shalt be free.

God ha' mercy ! for naught my freedom I bought,

I may thank my staff and not thee.

What tradesman art thou, said jolly Robin,

Good fellow, I prithee me show,

And also me tell in what place dost thou dwell,

For both of these fain would I know.

I am a tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,

In Nottingham long have I wrought,

And if thou come there, I vow and I swear,

I'll tan thy hide for naught.

God ha' mercy ! good fellow, said jolly Robin,

Since thou art so kind and free,

And if thou wilt tan my hide for naught,

I'll do as much for thee.

And if thou'lt forsake thy tanning trade,

And live in the Green Wood with me,

My name's Robin Hood, I swear by the rood,

To give thee both gold and fee.

If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd,

As well I think thou art,

Then here's a my hand, my name's a Arthur a-Bland,

We two will never part.

But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John,

Of him fain would I hear,

For we are ally'd by the mother's side,

He is my kinsman dear.

Then Robin Hood blew his bugle horn,

He blew both loud and shrill,

And quickly anon he saw Little John

Come tripping down a green hill.

O ! what is the matter, then said Little John,

Master, I pray you tell ?

Why do stand with your staff in your hand ?

I fear all is not well.

O man I do stand, and he makes me to stand,
The tanner that stands thee beside ;
He is a bonny blade, and master of his trade,
For soundly he hath tann'd my hide.
He is to be commended then, said Little Jehn,
If he such a feat can do ;
If he be so stout, we will have a bout,
And he shall tan my hide too.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
For, as I do understand,
He's a yeoman good, and of thy own blood,
His name is Arthur a-Bland.
Then Little Jehn threw his staff away
As far as he could fling,
And ran out of hand to Arthur a-Bland,
And about his neck did cling.
With loving respect there was no neglect,
They were neither nice nor coy ;
Each other did face with a lovely grace,
And both did weep for joy.
Then Robin Hood took them by the hands,
And danced round about the oak tree ;
For three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men we be,
And ever after as long as we live,
We three shall be as one ;
The wood it shall ring, and the old wife sing
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and Jehn.

VII. ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS FROM THE GALLOWS.

There are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year,
Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link, a down, and a day,
And there he met a silly old woman
Was weeping on the way.

Why weep you, why weep you ? bold Robin he said,
I prithee come tell unto me ?
O ! I do weep for my three sons,
For they are condemned to die.

What have they done, said jolly Robin,
I pray thee tell to me ?
Its for slaying of the king's fallow deer,
Bearing their long-bows with thee.

Dost thou not mind, old woman, he said,
Since thou made me sup and dine ?
By the faith of my body, quoth bold Robin Hood,
You could not tell it in better time.

Get you home, get you home, then said Robin Hood,
Get you home most speedily,
And I will then to Nottingham go,
For the sake of your sons all three.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link, a down, and a day,
O there did he meet with a poor beggar man,
Was walking along the high way.

What news ? what news ? thou silly old man,
What news ? come tell to me.

O ! there's weeping and wailing in fair Nottingham
For the death of the youths all three.

Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine ;
And forty good shillings I'll give you to boot,
Go drink it in beer and good wine.

O, thine apparel is good, he said,
And mine is ragged and torn ;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh ne'er an old man to scorn.

Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
Come change thy apparel with mine ;
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine.

Then he put on the old man's hat,
It stood full high in the crown ;
The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down.

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patch'd black, blue, and red ;
He thought it no shame all the day long
To wear the poor bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man's breeks,
Were patch'd from side to side ;
By the truth of my body, said bold Robin Hood,
This man lov'd little pride.

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Patch'd from knee to wrist,
By the faith of my body, said Robin Hood,
I'd laugh if I had any list.

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patch'd both beneath and aboon ;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
Its good habit that makes a man.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link, a down, and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was walking through the town.

O Christ you save ! to the sheriff he said,
One boon I beg on my knee,
And what will you give to a silly old man,
To day will your hangman be ?

Some suits, some suits, the sheriff he said,
Some suits I'll give to thee,
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen,
To day's a hangman's fee.

I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intends the trade ;
But curst be he, said bold Robin Hood,
That first a hangman was made.

I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn,
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my bugle horn.

I have a horn now in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good.

O wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,
Of thee I have no doubt,
I wish that thou give such a blast,
Till both thine eyes fall out.

Then Robin Hood mounted the gallows so high,
Where he blew both loud and shrill,
Till a hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men
Came tripping all down the green hill.

O who are these ? the sheriff he said,
Come tripping over the lee.

O they are all mine, but none of thine,
They'll pay a visit to thee.

They took the gallows from the slack,
They set it in the glen,
They hanged the proud sheriff up on that,
And released their own three men.

VIII.—ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN A-DALE;

Or a Pleasant Relation how a Young Gentleman being in Love with a Young Damsel, she was taken from him to be an old Knight's Bride; and how Robin Hood, pitying the Young Man's case, took her from the old Knight when they were going to be married, and restored her to her own Love again.

Time—"Robin Hood in the Green Wood stood."

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
 All you that love mirth for to hear;
 And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
 That liv'd in Nottinghamshire,
 As Robin Hood in the forest stood;
 All under the Green Weed Tree,
 There was he aware of a brave young man,
 As fine as fine might be.
 The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,
 In scarlet fine and gay,
 And he did frisk it o'er the plain,
 And chaunted a roundelay.
 As Robin Hood next morning stood
 Amongst the leaves so gay,
 There did he 'spy the same young man
 Come drooping along the way.
 The scarlet he wore the day before
 It was cast clean away,
 And ev'ry step he fetch'd a sigh,
 Alack, and well-a-day!
 Then stepped forth brave Little John,
 And Midge, the miller's son,
 Which made the young man bend his bow,
 When he did see them come.

Stand off, stand off, the young man said,

What is your will with me ?

You must come before our master straight,

Under yon Green Wood Tree.

And when he came bold Robin before,

Robin asked him courteously,

O hast thou any money to spare

For my merry men and me ?

I have no money, the young man said,

But five shillings, and a ring,

And that I have kept this seven long years

To have at my wedding.

Yesterday I should have married a maid,

But from me she was taen,

And chosen to be an old knight's delight,

Whereby my poor heart is slain.

What is thy name, then said Robin Hood,

Come tell me without fail ?

By the faith of my body, then said the young man,

My name is Allen a-Dale.

What wilt thou give me, said Robin Hood,

In ready gold or fee,

To help thee to thy true love again,

And deliver her unto thee ?

I have no money, then quoth the young man,

No ready gold nor fee,

But I will swear upon a book,

Thy true servant for to be.

How many miles is it to thy true love,

Come tell me without any guile ?

By the faith of my body, then said the young man,

It is but five little mile.

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,

And he neither did stint nor lin,

Until he came unto the church,

Where Allen should keep his wedding !

What dost thou here, the bishop then said,
I prithee now tell unto me ?

I am a bold harper, quoth Robin Hood,
And the best in the north country.

O welcome, O welcome, the bishop then said,
That music best pleaseth me ;

You shall have no music, quoth Robin Hood,
Till the bride and bridegroom I see.

With that came in a wealthy Knight,
Who was both grave and old ;

And after him a finikin laas,
Did shine like the glittering gold.

This is not a fit match, quoth bold Robin Hood,
That you seem to make here ;

For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall choose her own dear.

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three,

When four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came to the church-yard,
Marching all on a row,

The first man was Allen a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

This is thy true love, Robin he said,
Young Allen, as I hear say,

And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away.

That may not be, the bishop he said,
For thy word shall not stand,

They shall be three times ask'd in the church,
As the law is of our land.

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat
And put it upon Little John,

By the faith of my body, then Robin he said,
This cloth doth make thee a man.

When Little John went to the quire,
The people began to laugh :
He ask'd them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough.
Who gives this maid? said Little John ;
Quoth Robin, that do I ;
And he that takes her from Allen a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy.
And thus having ended this merry wedding,
The bride she look'd like a queen,
And so they returned to the merry Green Wood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

IX V. ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER ;

Shewing how he used the Butcher and Sheriff at Nottingham.

COME all you brave gallants, and listen awhile,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
That are this bower within ;
For of bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
A song I intend to sing.
Upon a time it chanced so,
Bold Robin in the forest did 'spy
A jolly butcher, with a bonny fine mare,
With his flesh to the market did hie.
Good morrow, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
What food hast thou? tell unto me ;
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost dwell,
For I like well thy company.
The butcher he answered jolly Robin,
No matter where I dwell :
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham
I am going, my flesh to sell.

What's the price of thy flesh, said jolly Robin,
Come tell it soon unto me,
And the price of thy mare, be she ever so dear,
For a butcher fain would I be.

The price of my flesh, the butcher reply'd,
I soon will tell unto thee,
With my bonny mare, and they are not dear,
Four mark thou must give unto me ;

Four mark I will give thee, said jolly Robin,
Four mark it shall be thy fee ;
The money come count, and let me mount,
For a butcher fain would I be.

Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,
His butcher's trade to begin ;
With a good intent to the sheriff's he went,
And there he took up his inn ;

When other butchers did open their shops,
Bold Robin he then begun ;
But how for to sell, he knew not well,
For a butcher he was but young.

When other butchers no meat could sell,
Robin got both gold and fee ;
For he sold more meat for one penny
Than others could do for three.

But when he sold his meat so fast,
No butcher by him could thrive ;
For he sold more meat for one penny,
Than others could do for five.

Which made the butchers of Nottingham
To study as they did stand ;
Saying, surely he is some prodigal
That hath sold his father's land.

The butchers stepped up to jolly Robin,
Acquainted with him for to be ;
Come brother, one said, we be all of one trade,
Come, will you go dine with me ?

A curse of his heart, said jolly Robin,
That a butcher doth deny,
I will go with you, my brethren true,
As fast as I can hie.

But when to the sheriff's house they came,
To dinner they hied apace ;
And Robin Hood he the man must be
Before them all to say grace.

Pray God bless us all, said Robin Hood,
And our meat within this place :
A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood,
And so I end my grace.

Come, fill us more wine, said jolly Robin,
Let us be merry while we do stay,
For wine and good cheer, be it never so dear,
I vow I the reckoning will pay.

Come, brothers, be merry, said jolly Robin.
Let's drink and never give o'er ;
For the shot I will pay and not go my way,
If it cost me five pounds or more.

This is a mad blade, the butchers then said ;
Says the sheriff, he's some prodigal
That some land has sold for silver and gold,
And now he doth mean to spend all.

Hast thou any horned beasts, the sheriff then said,
Good fellow, to sell unto me ?
Yes, that I have, good master sheriff,
I have hundreds two or three.

And a hundred acres of good free land,
If you please it for to see ;
And I'll make you as good assurance of it,
As ever my father did me.

The sheriff he saddled his good palfrey,
And with three hundred pound in gold,
Away he went with bold Robin Hood,
His horned beasts to behold.

Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride,
To the forest of merry Sherwood :
Then the sheriff did say, God bless us this day
From a man they call Robin Hood.
But when a little further they came,
Bold Robin he chanced to spy
An hundred head of good fat deer
Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.
How like you my horn'd beasts, good master sheriff,
They be fat and fair to see ?
I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,
For I like not thy company.
Then Robin put his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blasts three ;
Then quickly and anon there came Little John,
And all his company.
What is your will, master, then said Little John,
Good master, come tell unto me ?
I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham,
This day to dine with thee.
He is welcome to me, then said Little John,
I hope he will honestly pay :
I know he has gold, if it be but well told,
Will serve us to drink a whole day,
Then Robin took his mantle from his back,
And laid it upon the ground ;
And out of the sheriff's portmantle,
He told three hundred pound.
Then Robin he brought him through the wood,
And set him on his dapple grey :
O have me commended to your wife at home :
So Robin went laughing away.

X.—ROBIN HOOD AND THE TINKER ;

*A new song to drive away cold winter,
Between Robin Hood and the jovial Tinker.*

IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
Down, a down, a down.

And birds sing on every tree,
Hey down, a down, a down.

Robin Hood went to Nottingham,
Down, a down, a down,

As fast as he could dree.

Hey down, a down, a down.

And as he came to Nottingham,

A tinker he did meet,

And seeing him a lusty blade,

He did him kindly greet.

Where dost thou dwell, quoth Robin Hood,

I prithee now me tell,

Sad news I hear there is abroad,

I fear all is not well.

What is the news, the tinker said,

Tell me without delay,

I am a tinker to my trade,

And live at Banbury.

As for the news, quoth Robin Hood,

It is but as I hear,

Two tinkers were set in the stocks

For drinking ale and beer.

If that be all, the tinker said,

As I may say to you,

Your news is not worth a groat,

Since that they all be true.

For drinking of good ale and beer,

You will not lose your part.

No, by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,

I love it with all my heart.

What news abroad, quoth Robin Hood,
Tell me ; what dost thou fear ?
Seeing thou goest from town to town,
Some news thou need'st must hear.

The news I hear, the tinker said,
I know it is for good ;
It is to seek a bold outlaw,
Whom men call Robin Hood.

I have a warrant from the king,
To take him where I can ;
If thou canst tell me where he is,
I will make thee a man.

The king would give a hundred pound,
That he could but him see,
And if we can but now him get,
It will serve thee and me.

Let's see the warrant, said Robin Hood,
I'll see if it be right ;
And I will do the best I can,
For to take him this night.

That will I not, the tinker said ;
None with it will I trust,
And where he is, if you'll not tell,
Take him by force I must.

But Robin Hood perceiving well
How then the game would go,
Said, if you'll go to Nottingham,
We shall find him I know.

The tinker had a crab-tree staff,
Which was both stout and strong,
Robin he had a good strong blade,
So they went both along.

And when they came to Nottingham,
There they took up their inn,
And they called both for ale and wine,
To drink it was no sin.

But ale and wine they drank so fast,
That the tinker he forgot
What thing he was about to do,
It fell so to his lot,

That when the tinker was asleep,
Robin made haste away,
And left the tinker in the lurch,
For the great shot to pay.

But when the tinker wakened,
And saw that he was gone ;
He called out then for the host,
And thus he made his moan :

I had a warrant from the king,
That might have done me good,
It was to seek a bold outlaw,
Some call him Robin Hood.

But now the warrant and money is gone,
Nothing I have to pay :
And he that promis'd to be my friend,
Is gone and fled away.

That friend you speak of, said the host,
They call him Robin Hood ;
And when at first he met with you,
He meant you little good.

Had I but known it had been he,
When that I had him here,
The one of us should have try'd our might
Which should have paid full dear.

In the mean time I will away,
No longer here I'll bide,
But I will go and seek him out,
Whatever me betide.

But one thing I would gladly know,
What here I have to pay ?
Ten shillings just, then said the host,
I'll pay without delay.

Or else take here my working bag
And my good hammer too,
And if I light upon the knave,
I will then soon pay you.

The only way then, said the host,
And not to stand in fear,
Is to seek him among the parks,
Killing of the king's deer.

The tinker he then went with speed,
And made then no delay,
Till he had found brave Robin Hood,
That they might have a fray.

At last he spy'd him in a park,
Hunting then of the deer.
What knave is that, quoth Robin Hood,
That doth come me so near ?

No knave, no knave, the tinker said,
And that you soon shall know,
Whether of us hath done most wrong,
My crab-tree staff shall show.

Then Robin drew his gallant blade,
Made of the trusty steel ;
But the tinker he laid on so fast,
That he made Robin reel.

Then Robin's anger did arise,
He fought right manfully,
Until he had the tinker made
Almost then fit to fly.

With that they had a bout again,
And plied their weapons fast ;
The tinker thrash'd his bones so sore,
He made him yield at last.

A boon, a boon, then Robin cry'd,
If thou wilt grant it me ?
Before I do it, the tinker said,
I'll hang thee on this tree.

But the tinker looking him about,
Robin his horn did blow ;
Then came unto him Little John,
And brave Will Scarlet too.

What is the matter, said Little John,
You sit on the highway side ?
Here is a tinker that stands by,
That hath paid well my hide.

What tinker then ? said Little John,
Fain that blade would I see ;
And I would try what I could do,
If he'll do as much for me.

But Robin he then wish'd them both,
They should the quarrel cease,
That henceforth we may be as one,
And ever live in peace ;

And for the jovial tinker's part,
An hundred pounds I'll give
In the year, for to maintain him on,
As long as he doth live.

In manhood he is a mettled man,
And a metal man by trade ;
Never thought I that any man
Should have made me so afraid.

And if he will be one with us,
We will take all one fare,
And whatsoever we do get,
He shall have his full share.

So the tinker was content
With them to go along,
And with them a part to take ;
And so I end my song.

XI.—ROBIN HOOD AND THE SHEPHERD ;

*Shewing how Robin Hood, Little John, and the Shepherd,
fought a sore Combat.*

ALL gentlemen and yeomen good,

Down, a-down, a-down,

I wish you to draw near,
For a story of bold Robin Hood,
Unto you I'll declare.

Down, a-down, a-down.

As Robin Hood walk'd the forest along,
Some pastime for to spy,
There was he aware of a jolly shephèrd
That on the ground did lie.

Arise, arise, said jolly Robin,
And now come let me see
What is in thy bag and bottle, I say,
Come tell it unto me ?

What's that to thee, thou proud fellow,
Tell me as I do stand ?

What hast thou to do with my bottle and bag ?
Let me see thy command ?

My sword, which hangeth by my side,
Is my command, I know ;
Come, let me taste of thy bottle,
Or it may breed thee woe.

The devil a drop, thou proud fellow,
Of my bottle thou shalt see,
Until thy valeur here be tried,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.

What shall we fight for ? said Robin Hood,
Come tell it soon to me ;
Here's twenty pound in good red gold,
Win it, and take it thee.

The shepherd stood all in amaze,
And knew not what to say ;
I have no money, thou proud fellow,
But bottle and bag I'll lay.

I am content, thou shepherd swain,
Fling them down on the ground ;
But it will breed thee mickle pain,
To win my twenty pound.

Come, draw thy sword, thou proud fellow,
Thou standest too long to prate;
This hook of mine shall let thee know
A coward I do hate.

So they fell to it full hard and sore ;
It was on a summer's day,
From ten till four in the afternoon,
The shepherd held him play.

Robin's buckler prov'd his chief defence,
And sav'd him many a bang ;
For every blow the shepherd gave,
Made Robin's sword cry twang.

Many a sturdy blow the shepherd gave,
And that bold Robin found,
Till the blood ran trickling from his head,
Then he fell to the ground.

Arise, arise, thou proud fellow,
And thou shalt have fair play,
If thou wilt yield before thou go,
That I have won the day.

A boon, a boon, said bold Robin,
If that a man thou be,
Then let me take my bugle horn,
And blow but blasts three.

Then said the shepherd to bold Robin,
To that I will agree ;
For if thou should'st blow till to-morrow morn,
I scorn one foot to flee.

Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew with might and main,
Until he espied Little John,
Come tripping over the plain.

O, who is yonder, thou proud fellow,
That comes down yonder hill?
Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's man,
Shall fight with thee thy fill.

What is the matter, said Little John,
Master, come tell unto me?
My case is bad, said Robin Hood,
For the shepherd hath conquered me.

I am glad of that, cries Little John,
Shepherd, turn thou to me;
For a bout with thee I mean to have;
Either come fight or flee.

With all my heart, thou proud fellow,
For it never shall be said
That a shepherd's hook of thy sturdy look
Will one jot be dismay'd.

So they fell to it full hard and sore,
Striving for victorie;
I'll know, says John, ere we give o'er,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.

The shepherd gave John a sturdy blow,
With his hook under the chin;
Beshrew thy heart, said Little John,
Thou basely dost begin.

Nay, that is nothing, said the shepherd,
Either yield to me the day,
Or I will bang thy back and sides
Before thou goest thy way.

What dost thou think, thou proud fellow,
That thou canst conquer me?
Nay, thou shalt know before thou go,
I'll fight before I flee.

Again the shepherd laid on him,
Just as he first began;
Hold, hold thy hand, cry'd jolly Robin,
I will yield the wager won.

With all my heart, said Little John,
To that I will agree ;
For he is the flower of shepherd swains,
The like I did never see.
Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,
Also of Little John,
How a shepherd swain did conquer them,
The like was never known.

XII.—ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTAL FRIAR.

In summer time, when leaves grow green,
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were all disposed to play.

Then some would leap, and some would run,
Some use artillery :
Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archer for to be ?

Which of you can kill a buck ?
Or who can kill a doe ?
Or who can kill a hart of Greece,
Five hundred foot him fro ?

Will Scarlet he did kill a buck,
And Midge he kill'd a doe ;
And Little John kill'd a hart of Greece,
Five hundred foot him fro.

Joy on that heart, said Robin Hood,
That shot such a shot for me ;
I would ride my horse an hundred miles
To find one could match thee.

That caus'd Will Scarlet for to laugh,
He laugh'd full heartily ;
There lives a friar in Fountaine's Abbey
Will beat both him and thee.

That curtal friar in Fountaine's Abbey
Well can a strong bow draw ;
He will beat both you and your yeomen,
Set them all on a row.

Robin he took a solemn oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eat nor drink,
Till the friar he did see.

Robin Hood put on his harness good,
On his head a cap of steel ;
Broadsword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weel.

He took his bow into his hand,
It was of a trusty tree,
With a sheaf of arrows at his belt,
And to Fountaine's Dale went he.

And coming to fair Fountaine's Dale,
No farther would he ride ;
There was he aware of the curtal friar,
Hard by the water side.

The friar had on a harness good,
On his head a cap of steel,
Broadsword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weel.

Robin Hood lighted from his horse,
And tied him to a thorn ;
Carry me over the water, thou curtal friar,
Or else thy life's forlorn.

The friar took Robin Hood on his back,
Deep water he did bestride,
And neither spake good word or bad
Till on the other side.

Lightly lesp'd Robin off the friar's back,
The friar said again,
Carry me back, thou fine fellow,
Or it shall breed thee pain.

Robin Hood took the friar on his back,
Deep water he did bestride,
And neither spoke word good nor bad,
Till he came to the other side.

The friar leapt off Robin's back,
Robin said to him again,
Carry me over this water, thou curtal friar,
Or it shall breed thee pain.



The friar took Robin on his back again,
And stepp'd in to his knee,
Till he came to the middle stream,
Neither good nor bad spake he ;
And coming to the middle stream,
There he threw Robin in ;
And choose thee, choose thee, fine fellow,
Whether thou'lt sink or swim.

Robin Hood swam to a bush of broom,
The friar to the willow-wand ;
Bold Robin got safe to the shore,
And took his bow in hand.

One of the arrows in his belt,
To the friar he let fly ;
The curtal friar, with his steel buckler,
Did put that arrow by.
Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,
Shoot as thou hast begun ;
If thou shoot here a summer's day,
Thy mark I will not shun.
Robin Hood shot passing well,
Till his arrows all were gane ;
They took their swords and steel bucklers,
And fought with might and main,
From ten o' the morning of that day,
Till four in the afternoon.
Then Robin Hood came on his knees,
Of the friar to beg a boon ;
A boon, a boon, thou curtal friar,
I beg it on my knee ;
Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,
And to blow out blasts three ?
That I will do, said the curtal friar,
Of thy blasts I have no doubt ;
I hope thou wilt blow so passing well,
Till both thy eyes fly out.
Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew out blasts three ;
Half a hundred yeomen, with bows bent,
Came ranging o'er the lee.
Whose men are these, said the friar,
That come so hastily ?
These men are mine, said Robin Hood,
Friar, what is that to thee ?
A boon, a boon, said the curtal friar,
The like I gave to thee ;
To set my fist unto my mouth,
And to whute whutes three.

ROBIN HOOD'S

That I will do, said Robin Hood,
Or else I were to blame ;
Three whites now in a friar's fist
Would make me glad and fain.

The friar he set his fist to his mouth,
And he whuted him whites three ;
Half an hundred good ban dogs
Came running over the lee.

Here is for every man a dog,
And I myself for thee ;
Nay, by my faith, said Robin Hood,
Friar, that may not be.

Two dogs at once to Robin did go,
One behind, and one before ;
Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln green
Off from his back they tore.

And whether his men shot east or west,
Or they shot north or south ;
The curtal dogs, so taught they were,
Caught the arrows in their mouth.

Take off thy dogs, said Little John,
Friar, at my bidding be ?
Whose man art thou, said the curtal friar,
Comes here to prate to me ?

I am Little John, Robin Hood's man,
Friar, I will not lie ;
If thou take not up thy dogs anon,
I'll take up them and thee ?

Little John had a bow in his hand,
He shot with might and main ;
Soon half a score of the friar's dogs
Lay dead upon the plain.

Hold thy hand, good fellow, said the curtal friar,
Thy master and I will agree ;
And we will have new orders taken,
With all the haste may be.

If thou wilt forsake fair Fountaine's Dale,
And Fountaine's Abbey free,
Every Sunday throughout the year,
A noble shall be thy fee.

And every holiday throughout the year,
Chang'd shall thy garments be,
If thou wilt to fair Nottingham go,
And there remain with me.

The curtal friar had kept Fountaine's Dale
Seven long years and more ;
There was neither knight, lord, nor earl,
Could make him yield before.

XIII.—ROBIN HOOD'S GOLDEN PRIZE.



I HAVE heard talk of Robin Hood,
And of brave Little John ;
Of Friar Tuck and Will Scarlet,
Locksley and Maid-Marion.

But such a tale as this before,
I think was never known ;
For Robin Hood disguis'd himself,
And from the wood is gone.

Like to a friar, bold Robin Hood
Was accoutr'd in his array ;
With hood, gown, beads, and crucifix,
He pass'd upon the way.

He had not gone miles two or three,
But it was his chance to spy
Two lusty priests clad all in black,
Come riding gallantly.

Benedicite, then said Robin Hood,
Some pity on me take ;
Cross you my hand with a single groat,
For our dear Lady's sake ?

For I have been wandering all this day,
And nothing could I get ;
Not so much as one poor cup of drink,
Or bit of bread to eat.

By our holy Dame, the priests replied,
We never a penny have ;
For we this morning have been robb'd,
And could no money save.

I am much afraid, said bold Robin Hood,
That you both tell a lie ;
And now before you do go hence,
I am resolv'd to try.

When as the priests heard him say so,
They rode away amain ;
But Robin betook him to his heels,
And soon overtook them again.

Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,
And pull'd each down from his horse ;
O spare us, friar, the priests cried out,
On us have some remorse ?

You said you'd no money, quoth Robin Hood,
Wherefore, without delay,
We three will fall upon our knees,
And for money we will pray.

The priests they could not him gainsay,
But down they kneel'd with speed,
Send us, O send us, then quoth they,
Some money to serve our need ?

The priests did pray with mournful cheer,
Sometimes their hands did wring ;
Sometimes they wept, and cried aloud,
Whilst Robin did merrily sing.

When they had been praying an hour's space,
The priests did still lament ;
Then, quoth bold Robin, now let's see
What money Heaven hath us sent,

We will be sharers all alike,
Of the money that we have ;
And there is never a one of us
That his fellow shall deceive.

The priests their hands in their pockets put,
But money could find none ;
We'll search ourselves, said Robin Hood,
Each other one by one.

Then Robin took pains to search them both,
And he found good store of gold ;
Five hundred pieces presently
Upon the grass he told.

Here is a brave show, said Robin Hood,
Such store of gold to see ;
And each of you shall have a part,
Cause you pray'd so heartily.

He gave them fifty pounds a-piece,
And the rest for himself did keep ;
The priests they durst not speak a word,
But sighed wond'rous deep,

With that the priests rose from their knees,
Thinking to have parted so ;
Nay, stay, says Robin Hood, one thing more
I have to say ere you go.

You shall be sworn, says Robin Hood,
Upon this holy grass,
That you will never tell lies again,
Which way soever you pass.

The second oath that you here must take,
That all the days of your lives,
You never shall tempt maids unto sin,
Nor lie with other men's wives.

The last oath you shall take is this,
To be kind to the poor :
Say you have met with a holy friar,
And I desire no more.

He set them on their horses again,
And away then they did ride ;
And he return'd to the merry Green Wood,
With great joy, mirth, and pride.

XIV.—ROBIN HOOD RESCUING WILL STUTELY
FROM THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN,

*Who had taken him Prisoner, and were going to
Hang him.*

WHEN Robin Hood in the Green Wood lived,
Derry, derry, down ;
Under the Green Wood Tree ;
Tidings there came to him with speed,
Tidings for certainty ;
Hey down, derry, derry down.

That Will Stutely surprised was,
And eke in prison lay ;
Three varlets that the Sheriff had hir'd
Did basely him betray.

Aye, and to-morrow hang'd must be,
To-morrow as soon as 'tis day !
But before they could this victory get,
Two of them did Stutely slay.

When Robin Hood this news did hear,
O he was grieved sore ;
And to his merry men he said,
(Who all together swore :)

That Will Stutely should rescu'd be,
And be brought back again ;
Or else should many a gallant wight
For his sake there be slain.

He cloth'd himself in scarlet then,
His men were all in green ;
A fairer sight throughout the world,
In no place could be seen.

Good lord ! it was a gallant sight,
To see them all on a row ;
With ev'ry man a good broad sword,
And eke a good yew bow.

Forth from the Green Wood are they gone,
Yea all courageously,
Resolving to bring Stutely home,
Or every man to die.

And when they came to the castle near,
Wherein Will Stutely lay,
I hold it good, said Robin Hood,
We here in ambush stay.

And send one forth some news to hear,
To yonder palmer fair,
That stands under the castle wall,
Some news he may declare.

With that steps forth a brave young man,
That was of courage bold ;
Thus did he speak to the old man :
I pray thee, palmer old,

Tell me, if that thou rightly ken,
When must Will Stutely die,
Who is one of bold Robin's men,
And here doth prisoner lie.

Alas ! alas ! the palmer said,
And for ever woe is me ;
Will Stutely hang'd must be this day,
On yonder gallows tree.

O had his noble master known,
He had some succour sent :
A few of his bold yeomandree,
Full soon would fetch him hence.

Ay, that is true, the young man said,
Ay, that is true, said he :
Or if they were near to this place,
They soon would set him free.

But fare thee well, thou good old man,
Farewell, and thanks to thee ;
If Stutely hanged be this day,
Revenge'd his death shall be.

No sooner was he from the palmer gone
Than the gates were open'd wide,
And out of the castle Will Stutely came,
Guarded on every side.

When he was forth from the castle come,
And saw no help was nigh ;
Thus he unto the Sheriff said,
Thus he said gallantly.

Now, seeing that I needs must die,
Grant me one boon, said he,
My noble master never had man
That yet was hang'd on tree.

Give me a sword all in my hand,
And let me be unbound,
And with thee and thy men I'll fight,
Till I die on the ground.

But his desire he would not grant ;
His wishes were in vain ;
For the Sheriff swore he hang'd should be,
And not by sword be slain.

Do but unbind my hands, he says,
I will no weapon crave ;
And if I hanged be this day,
Then hold me for a knave.

O no, no, no, the Sheriff said,
On the gallows thou shalt die ;
Ay, and so shall thy master too,
If ever it in me lie.

O dastard coward, Stutely cries,
Faint-hearted peasant slave !
If ever my master do thee meet,
Thou shalt thy payment have.

My noble master thee doth scorn,
And all thy coward crew :
Such silly imps unable are
Bold Robin to subdue.

When he was to the gallows come,
And ready to bid adieu,
Out of a bush steps Little John,
And stept Will Stutely to.

I pray thee, Will, before thou die,
Of thy dear friends take leave.
I needs must borrow him for awhile,
How say you, Master Shrieve ?

Now, as I live, the Sheriff said,
That varlet well I know ;
Some sturdy rebel is that same,
Therefore let him not go.

Then Little John most hastily
Away cut Stutely's bands,
And from one of the Sheriff's men
A sword twitch'd from his hands.

Here, Will Stutely, take thou this same,
Thou canst it better sway;
And here defend thyself awhile,
For aid will come straightway.

And there they turned them back to back
In the middle of them that day,
Till Robin Hood approached near,
With many an archer gay.

With that an arrow by them flew,
I wist from Robin Hood;
Make haste, make haste, the Sheriff said,
Make haste, for it is good.

The Sheriff is gone, and his doughty men
Thought it no boot to stay;
But as their master had them taught,
They ran full fast away.

O stay, O stay, Will Stutely said,
Take leave, ere you depart;
You ne'er shall catch bold Robin Hood,
Unless you dare him start.

O ill betide you, said Robin Hood,
That you so soon are gone;
My sword may in the scabbard rest,
For here our work is done.

I little thought, Will Stutely said,
When I came to this place,
For to have met with Little John,
Or seen my master's face.

Thus Stutely was at liberty set,
And safe brought from his fee;
O thanks, O thanks, to my master,
Since here it was not so.

And once again, my fellows all,
We shall in the Green Wood meet,
Where we will make our bow-strings twang,
Music for us most sweet.

XV.—THE NOBLE FISHERMAN;

Or, Robin Hood's Preferment.

In summer time, when leaves grow green,
When they do grow both green and long ;
Of a bold outlaw, called Robin Hood,
It is of him I sing this song.

When the lily leaf, and cowslip sweet,
Both bud and spring with merry cheer,
This outlaw was weary of the wood-side,
And chasing of the fallow deer.

The fishermen brave more money have
Than any merchants two or three ;
Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
That I a fisherman may be.

This outlaw call'd his merry men all,
All under the Green Wood Tree ;
If any of you have gold to spend,
I pray you heartily spend it with me.

Now, quoth Robin Hood, I'll to Scarborough go,
It seems to be a very fair day,
He took up his inn at a widow's house,
Hard by upon the water grey,

Who asked him, Where wert thou born ?
Or tell to me where thou dost fare ?
I am a poor Fisherman, said he then,
This day entrapped all in care.

What is thy name ? thou fine fellow,
I pray thee heartily tell it to me ;
In mine own country where I was born,
Men call me Simon Over-the-Lee.

Simon, Simon, said the good wife,
I wish thou may'st well brook thy name ;
The outlaw was aware of her courtesy,
And rejoiced he had got such a dame.

Simon, wilt thou now be my man ?
And good round wages I'll give thee ;
I have as good a ship of my own
As any that sails on the sea.

Anchor and planks thou shalt not want,
Masts and ropes that are so long ;
And if that thou so furnish me,
Said Simon, nothing shall go wrong.

They pluck'd up anchor, and away did sail,
More of a day than two or three ;
When others cast in their baited hooks,
The bare lines into the sea cast he.

It will be long, said the master then,
E'er this great lubber do thrive on the sea ;
He shall have no part in our fish,
For in truth he is no part worthy.

O woe is me, said Simon then,
This day, that ever I came here !
I wish I were in Plumpton Park,
In chasing of the fallow deer :

For ev'ry clown laughs me to scorn,
And they by me set nought at all ;
If I had them in Plumpton Park,
I would set as little by them all.

They pluck'd up anchor, and away did sail,
More of a day than two or three ;
But Simon espy'd a ship of war,
That sail'd to them most valorously.

O woe is me, said the master then,
This day that ever I was born !
For all the fish that I have got,
Is every bit lost and forlorn.

For these French robbers on the sea,
They will not spare of us one man ;
But carry us to the coast of France,
And lay us in the prison strong.

But Simon said, do not fear them,
Neither, master, take you no care ;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And ne'er a Frenchman will I spare.

Hold thy peace, thou long lubbèr,
For thou art nought but brags and boast ;
If I should cast thee overboard,
There's but a simple lubber lost.

Simon grew angry at these words,
And so angry then was he,
That he took his bent bow in his hand,
And to the ship hatch goeth he.

Master, tie me to the mast, he said,
That at the mark I may stand fair ;
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And ne'er a Frenchman will I spare.

He drew his arrow to the head,
And he drew it with all might and main,
And straight in the twinkling of an eye
To a Frenchman's heart the arrow's ganè.

The Frenchman fell down on the ship-hatch,
And under the hatches there below ;
Another Frenchman, that him espy'd,
The dead corpse in the sea did throw.

O loose me, loose me, from the mast,
And for them all take you no care ;
For give me my bent bow in my hand,
And ne'er a Frenchman will I spare.

Then straight they boarded the French ship,
They lying all dead in their sight ;
They found within that ship of war
Twelve thousand pounds of money bright.

The one-half of the ship, said Simon then,
I'll give my dame and her children small ;
The other half of the ship I'll give
To you that are my fellows all.

But now bespoke the master then,
For so, Simon, it shall not be,
For you have won it with your own hand,
And the owner of it you shall be.
It shall be so as you have said,
And with this gold, for the opprest
An habitation I will build,
Where they may live in peace and rest.

XVI.—ROBIN HOOD'S DELIGHT ;

*Or, a Merry Combat fought between Robin Hood,
Little John, and Will Scarlet, with Three Stout
Keepers in Sherwood Forest.*

THERE's some will talk of lords and knights,
And some of yeomen good ;
But I'll tell you of Will Scarlet,
Little John, and Robin Hood.

They were three outlaws, 'tis well known,
And men of noble blood ;
And many a time was their valour'shown
In the forest of merry Sherwood.

Upon a time it chanced so,
As fortune would have it be,
They all three would a-walking go,
Some merry pastime for to see.

And as they walk'd the forest along,
Upon a Midsummer day,
There were they aware of three keepers,
Clad all in green array.

With brave long falchions by their sides,
And forest-bills in hand ;
They called aloud to those bold outlaws,
And charged them to stand.

Why, who are you, cried bold Robin,
That speak so boldly here ?

We three belong to king Henry,
And are keepers of his deer.

The devil you are, said Robin Hood,
I am sure it is not so,
We be the keepers of this forèst,
And that you soon shall know.

Your coats of green lay on the ground,
And so will we all three ;
And take your swords and bucklers round,
And try the victory.

We be content, the keepers said,
We be three, and you no less :
Then why should we of you be afraid,
As we never did transgress.

If you be keepers in this forèst,
Then we be three rangers good ?
And will make you know, before you do go,
You met with bold Robin Hood.

We be content, thou bold outlaw,
Our valour here to try :
And we'll make you know, before you do go,
We will fight before we will fly.

Come draw your swords, you bold outlaws,
No longer stand to prate,
But let us try it out with blows,
For cowards we do hate.

Here's one of us for Will Scarlèt,
And another for Little John,
And I myself for Robin Hood,
Because he is stout and strong.

So they fell to it hard and sore,
It was on a midsummer day,
From eight of the clock, till two and past,
They all showed gallant play.

There Robin, Will, and Little John,
They fought most manfully,
Till all their wind was spent and gone,
Then Robin aloud did cry.

O hold, O hold, cries bold Robin,
I see ye be stout men ;
Let me blow one blast on my bugle horn,
Then I'll fight with you again.

That bargain is to make, bold Robin Hood,
Therefore we it deny ;
Though a blast upon thy bugle horn
Cannot make us fight or fly.

Therefore fall on, or else begone,
And yield to us the day ;
It never shall be said, that we are afraid
Of thee or thy yeomen gay.

If that be so, cries Robin Hood,
Let me but know your names,
And in the forest of merry Sherwood
I will extol your fames.

And with our names, one of them said,
What hast thou here to do ?
Except thou wilt now fight it out,
Our names thou shalt not know.

We will fight no more, said bold Robin Hood,
Ye be men of valour stout ;
Come and go with me to Nottingham,
And there we'll fight it out.

With a butt of sack we'll bang it about,
To see who wins the day ;
And for the cost make you no doubt,
I have gold enough to pay.

And ever hereafter, as long as we live,
We all will brethren be ;
For I love those men, with heart and hand,
That will fight and never flee.

So away they went to Nottingham,
 With sack to make amends ;
 For three days space the wine did chase,
 And drank themselves good friends.

XVII.—ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR.

COME and listen you gentlemen all,
 With a hey down, down, and a down ;
 That mirth do love for to hear ;
 And a story true I'll tell unto you,
 If that you will but draw near.

In elder times when merriment was,
 And archery was holden good ;
 There was an outlaw, as many do know,
 Whom men call'd Robin Hood.

Upon a time it chanced so,
 Bold Robin was merry disposed,
 His time for to spend, he did intend,
 Either with friends or foes.

Then he got upon a gallant steed,
 Which was worth angels ten ;
 With a mantle of green, most brave to be seen,
 He left all his merry men.

And, riding towards Nottingham,
 Some pastime for to spy,
 There was he aware of a jolly beggar,
 As e'er he beheld with his eye.

An old patch'd coat the beggar had on,
 Which he daily used to wear ;
 And many a bag about him did wag,
 Which made Robin to him repair.

Good speed, good speed, said Robin Hood then,
 What countryman, tell unto me ?
 I am Yorkshire, Sir, but ere you go far,
 Some charity give unto me.

62 ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR.

I have no money, said Robin Hood then,
For a ranger I am in this wood ;
I am an outlaw, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood.

But yet I must tell thee, bonny beggar,
That a bout with thee I must try ;
Thy coat of gray, lay it down I say,
And my mantle of green shall ly by.

Content, content, the beggar he cry'd,
Thy part it will be the worse ;
For I hope this bout to give thee the rout,
And then have at thy purse.

The beggar he had a mickle long staff,
And Robin had one nut-brown ;
The beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,
And gave him a knock on the crown.

Fight on, fight on, said Robin Hood then,
This game well pleaseth me ;
For every blow that Robin gave,
The beggar gave buffets three.

And fighting there full hard and sore,
Not far from Nottingham town,
They never fled, till from Robin's head
The blood ran trickling down.

O hold thy hand, said Robin Hood then,
And thou and I will agree ;
If that be true, the beggar he said,
Thy mantle come give unto me ?

Now a change, a change, said Robin Hood,
Thy bags and thy coat give me,
And this mantle of mine to thee I'll resign,
My horse and my bravery.

When Robin had got the beggar's clothes,
He look'd him round about ;
Methinks, said he, I seem to be
A beggar brave and stout.

For now I have got a bag for my bread,
And another I have for my corn,
I have one for salt, another for malt,
And one for my bugle horn.
And now I will a begging go,
Some charity for to find ;
And if any more of Robin you'll know,
In the Second Part it's behind.

II.

Now Robin he's to Nottingham bound,
With a bag hanging down to his knee ;
His staff and his coat, scarce worth a groat,
Yet merrily passeth he.

As Robin passed the street along,
He heard a piteous cry ;
Three brethren dear, as he did hear,
Condemned were to die.

Then Robin he hied to the Sheriff's gate,
Some relief for to seek ;
He skipp'd, he leap'd, and caper'd full high,
As he went along the street.

But when to the Sheriff's door he came,
He met a man fine and brave,
Thou beggar, said he, come tell unto me,
What is it thou wouldst have ?

No meat nor drink, said Robin Hood then,
Do I come here to crave ;
But to beg the lives of yeomen three,
And that I fain would have.

That cannot be, thou bold beggar,
The fact it is so clear,
I'll tell to thee, they hang'd must be,
For stealing of the king's deer.

But when to the gallows they did come,
There was many a weeping eye ;
O hold your peace, said Robin Hood then,
For certain they shall not die.

Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew out strong blasts three ;
Till an hundred of bold archers brave
Came kneeling down to his knee.

What is your will, mastèr, they said,
We are at your command ;
Shoot east, shoot west, said Robin Hood then,
And see you spare no man.

Then they shot east, and they shot west,
Their arrows were so keen,
The Sheriff he, and his company,
No longer could be seen.

Then he stept to these brethren three,
And away he had them ta'en ;
The Sheriff was cross'd, and many a man lost,
That dead lay on the plain.

And away they went to the merry Green Wood,
And sung with a merry glee ;
And Robin Hood took these brethren good
To be of his yeomandree.

XVIII.—LITTLE JOHN AND THE FOUR BEGGARS.

ALL you that delight to spend some time,
With a hey down, down, a-down, down,
A merry song for to sing,
Unto me draw near, and you shall hear
How Little John went a begging.
As Robin Hood walked the forest along,
With all his yeomandree,
Says Robin, some of you a begging must go,
And Little John, it must be thee.

Says John, if I must a begging go,
I'll have a palmer's weed,
With a staff and coat, and bags of all sorts,
The better then I may speed.

Come, give me now a bag for my bread,
And another for my cheese,
And one for a penny, when as I get any,
That nothing I may leese.

Now Little John is a begging gone,
Seeking for some relief ;
But of all the beggars he met on the way,
Little John he was the chief.

But as he was walking himself alone,
Four beggars he chanc'd to espy ;
Some deaf, and some blind, and some came behind ;
Says John, here's a brave company.

Good morrow, says John, my brethren dear,
Good fortune I had you to see ;
Which way do you go ? pray let me know,
For I want some company.

O what's here to do ? then said Little John,
Why ring these bells ? said he,
What dog is hanging ? come let us be ganging,
That we the truth may see.

Here is no dog hanging, then one of them said,
Good fellow we tell unto thee ;
But here is one dead, that will give cheese and bread,
And it may be one single penny.

We have brethren in London, another he said,
So have we in Coventry ;
In Berwick and Dover, and all the world over,
But ne'er a crook'd carl like thee.

Therefore stand thou back, thou crooked carl,
And take that knock on the crown ;
Nay, said Little John, I'll not yet begone,
For a bout will I have of you round.

Now have at you all, then said Little John,
If you be so full of your blows ;
Fight on all four, and never give o'er,
Whether you be friends or foes.

John nipp'd the dumb, and made him roar,
And the blind he made to see ;
And he that a cripple had been seven years,
He made then run faster than he.



And flinging them all against the wall,
With many a sturdy bang,
It made John sing to hear the gold ring,
Which against the wall cried twang.

Then he got out of the beggar's cloak
Three hundred pounds in gold ;
Good fortune had I, then said Little John,
Such a good sight to behold.

But what found he in the beggar's bag ?
But three hundred pounds and three ?
If I drink water while this doth last,
Then an ill death may I die.

And my begging trade I'll now give o'er,
My fortune hath been so good ;
Therefore I'll not stay, but I will away
To the forest of merry Sherwood.

And when to the forest of Sherwood he came,
He quickly there did see
His master good, bold Robin Hood,
And all his company.

What news, what news? said bold Robin Hood,
Come, Little John, tell unto me ;
How thou hast sped with thy beggar's trade,
For that I fain would see ?

No news but good, said Little John,
With begging full well have I sped ;
Six hundred and three, I have here for thee,
In silver, and gold so red.

Then Robin Hood took Little John by the hand,
And danced about the oak tree ;
If we drink water while this doth last,
Then an ill death may we die.

So to conclude my merry new song,
All you that delight it to sing,
'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,
And how Little John went a begging.

XIX.—ROBIN HOOD AND THE STRANGER ;

Or, his meeting and fighting his-Cousin Scarlet.

PART I.

COME listen a-while, you gentlemen all,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
That are this bower within ;
For a story of gallant Robin Hood
I purpose now to begin.

What time of the day ? quoth Robin Hood then :

Quoth Little John, 'tis in the prime ;
Why then we will to the Green Wood gang,
For we have no victuals to dine.

As Robin Hood walked the forest along,
It was in the midst of the day,
There was he aware of a deft young man,
As ever walk'd on the way.

His doublet was of silk, 'tis said,
His stockings like scarlet shone,
And bravely he walked on along the way,
To Robin Hood then unknown.

A herd of deer was in the bend,
All feeding before his face ;
Now the best of you I'll have to my dinner,
And that in a little space.

Now the stranger he made no mickle ado,
But he bent a right good bow,
And the best of all the herd he slew,
Forty good yards him fro'.

Well shot, well shot, said Robin Hood then,
That shot was shot in time ;
And if thou wilt accept of the place,
Thou shalt be a bold yeoman of mine.

Go play the chiven, the stranger then said,
Make haste and quickly go,
Or, with my fist, be sure of this,
I'll give thee buffets sto'.

Buffet not me, quoth Robin Hood,
For altho' I seem forlorn,
Yet I have those will take my part,
If I but blow my horn.

Wind not thy horn, the stranger said,
Be'st thou never so much in haste !
For I can draw a good broad sword,
And quickly cut thy blast .

Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,
To shoot, as he would fain ;
The stranger he bent a very good bow,
To shoot at bold Robin again.

Hold thy hand, quoth Robin Hood,
To shoot would be in vain ;
For if we shoot the one at the other,
The one of us must be slain.

Let us take our swords and our broad bucklèrs,
And gang under yonder tree ;
As I hope to be saved, the stranger said,
One foot I will not flee.

Robin Hood lent the stranger a blow,
Most scared him out of his wit,
Thou never felt a blow, the stranger he said,
That shall be better quit.

The stranger drew a good broad sword,
Hit Robin on the crown,
That from every hair of bold Robin Hood's head,
The blood ran trickling down.

God-a-mercy, good fellow, quoth Robin Hood then,
And for this that thou hast done,
Tell me, good fellow, what thou art ?
Tell me where thou dost won ?

The stranger then answered bold Robin Hood,
I'll tell thee where I do dwell,
In Maxfield town I was born and bred,
My name is young Gamwèl.

For killing of my father's steward
I am forced to this English wood,*
And for to seek an uncle of mine,
Some call him Robin Hood.

* Inglewood.—“ His principal residence was in Shirewood forrest, though he had another haunt ;—(he is no fox that hath but one hole.)”—*Fuller*.

But art thou a cousin of Robin Hood, then ?

The sooner we should have done.

As I hope to be saved, the stranger then said,

I am his own sister's son.

But Lord ! what kissing and courting was there,

When these two cousins did greet ;

And they went all that summer's day,

And Little John did not meet ;

But when they met with Little John,

He unto him did say,

O ! master, pray where have you been ?

You have tarried so long away.

I met with a stranger, quoth Robin Hood, then,

Full sore he has beaten me ;

Then I'll have a bout with him, quoth Little John,

And try if he can beat me.

O no, O no, quoth Robin Hood then,

Little John, it may not be so,

For he is my own dear sister's son,

And cousins I have no mo.

But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,

My chief man next to thee :

And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,

And Scarlet he shall be,

And we'll be three of the bravest outlaws

That are in the north country,

If you would hear more of bold Robin Hood,

In the Second Part it will be.

II.

Now Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Little John,

Were walking over the plain,

With a good fat buck, which Will Scarlet

With his strong bow had slain.

Jog on, jog on, said Robin Hood,

The day it runs full fast ;

For tho' my nephew me a breakfast gave,

I have not yet broke my fast.

Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,

I think it wond'rous good,

Where my nephew, by my bold yeomen,

Shall be welcom'd unto the Green Wood.

With that he took his bugle horn,

Full well he could it blow ;

Straight from the woods came marching down,

One hundred tall fellows and mo.

Stand to your arms, cries Will Scarlèt,

Lo the enemies are within ken ;

With that Rebin Hood he laugh'd aloud,

Crying they are my bold yeomèn.

Who, when they arrived, and Robin espy'd,

Cry'd, master, what is your will ?

We thought you had in danger been,

Your horn did sound so shrill.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,

The danger's past and gone ;

I would have you to welcome my nephew here,

That hath paid me two for one.

In feasting and sporting they spent the day,

Till Phœbus sunk into the deep :

Then each one to his quarters hied,

His guard there for to keep,

Long had they not walk'd within the Green Wood,

But Robin he soon spy'd,

A beautiful damsel all alone,

That on a black palfrey did ride.

Her riding suit was of sable hue,

Black Cyprus over her face ;

Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush,

All with a comely grace.

Come tell me the cause, thou pretty one,
Quoth Robin, and tell me aright ;
From whence thou comest, and whither thou goest,
All in this mournful plight ?

From London I came, the damsel reply'd,
From London upon the Thames,
Which circled is, O grief to tell !
Besieg'd with foreign arms,

By the proud prince of Arragon,
Who swears by his martial hand
To have the princess to his spouse,
Or else to waste this land.

Except that champions can be found,
That dare fight three to three,
Against that prince, and giants twain,
Most horrid for to see.

Whose grisly looks, and eyes like brands,
Strike terror where they come ;
With serpents hissing on their helms,
Instead of feather'd plume.

The princess shall be the victor's prize,
The king hath vow'd and said ;
And he that shall the conquest win,
Shall have her to his bride.

Now we are four damsels sent abroad,
To the east, west, north, and south,
To try whose fortune is so good
To bring the champions forth.

But all in vain we have sought about,
For none so bold there are,
That dare venture life and blood
To free a lady fair.

When is the day ? quoth Robin Hood,
Tell me this and no more :
On midsummer next, the damsel said,
Which is June the twenty-four.

With that the tears trickl'd down her cheeks,
And silent was her tongue ;
With sighs and sobs she took her leave,
And away her palfrey sprung.

The news struck Robin to the heart ;
He fell down on the grass :
His actions and his troubl'd mind
Show'd he perplexed was.

Where lies your grief ? quoth Will Scarlèt,
O master tell to me ;
If the damsel's eyes have pierced your heart,
I'll fetch her back to thee.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
She does not cause my smart :
But 'tis the poor distress'd princèss
That wounds me to the heart.

I will go fight the giants all,
To set the lady free ;
Bad luck to me, quoth Little John,
If I part with thy company.

Must I stay behind ? quoth Will Scarlèt,
No, no, that must not be ;
I'll make the third man in the fight,
So we shall be three to three.

These words cheer'd Robin at the heart,
Joy shone upon his face,
Within his arms he hugg'd them both,
And kindly did embrace.

Quoth he, we'll put on motley grey,
And long staves in our hands ;
A scrip and bottle by our sides,
As come from the Holy Land.

So may we pass along the highway,
None will ask whence we came,
But take us pilgrims for to be,
Or else some holy men.

Now they are on their journey gone,
 As fast as they may speed ;
 Yet for all their haste, ere they arriv'd,
 The princess forth was led,
 To be delivered to the prince,
 Who in the lists did stand,
 Prepar'd to fight, or else receive
 This lady by the hand.

With that he walk'd about the lists,
 With giants by his side ;
 Bring forth, quoth he, your champions,
 Or bring me forth my bride.

This is the four and twentieth day,
 The day prefixed upon ;
 Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
 I'll swear by Acheron.*

Then cry'd the king, and queen likewise,
 Both weeping as they spake ;
 Lo ! we have brought our daughter dear,
 Whom we're forc'd to forsake.

With that steps out bold Robin Hood,
 Cries, My liege it must not be so ;
 Such beauty as the fair princess
 Is not for tyrant's maw.

The prince he then began to storm,
 Cries, fool, fanatic, baboon :
 How dare you stop my valour's prize,
 I'll kill thee with a frown.

Thou tyrant Turk, thou infidel :
 Thus Robin did reply :
 Thy frowns I scorn ; lo ! here's my gage,
 And thus I thee defy ;

And for these two Goliahs there,
 That stand on either side,
 Here are two little Davids by
 That soon can tame their pride.

* In the London edition *Alcaron* is the word.

WILL SCARLET, AND LITTLE JOHN. 75

Then did the king for armour send,
For lances, swords, and shields,
And thus all three, in armour bright,
Came marching to the field.

Trumpets began to sound a charge ;
Each singled out his man :
Their arms in pieces soon were hew'd,
Blood sprang from ev'ry vein,

The prince reach'd Robin Hood a blow,
He struck with might and main,
Which forc'd him to reel about the field,
As though he had been slain.

God a mercy, quoth Robin, for that blow
The quarrel shall soon be try'd ;
This stroke shall show a full divorce
Betwixt thee and thy bride.

So from his shoulders his head he cut,
Which on the ground did fall,
And grumbled sore at Robin Hood,
To be so dealt withal.

The giants they began to rage,
To see their prince lie dead ;
Thou shalt be the next, quoth Little John,
Unless thou well guard thy head.

With that his falchion he whirl'd about,
It was both keen and sharp ;
He clove the giant to the belt,
And cut in twain his heart.

Will Scarlet well had play'd his part ;
The giant he brought to his knee ;
Quoth Will, the devil can't break his fast
Unless he have all three.

So with his falchion he ran him through,
A deep and ghastly wound,
Who damn'd and foam'd, curs'd and blasphem'd,
And then fell to the ground.

Now all the lists with shouts were fill'd,
The skies they did resound,
Which brought the princess to herself,
Who was fall'n into a swoond.

The king, and queen, and princess fair,
Came walking to the place,
And gave the champions many thanks,
And did them further grace.

Tell me, quoth the king, whence you are,
That thus disguised come,
Whose valour speaks that noble blood
Doth run through every vein ?

A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,
On my knees I beg and crave :
By my crown, quoth the king, I grant,
Ask what, and thou shalt have.

Then pardon I ask for my merry men
Which are in the Green Wood ;
For Little John and Will Scarlèt,
And for me bold Robin Hood.

Art thou Robin Hood, quoth the king—
For the valour thou hast shown,
Your pardons I do freely grant,
And welcome every one.

The princess I promis'd the victor's prize,
She cannot have all three ;
She shall choose, quoth Robin. Quoth Little John,
Then little share falls to me.

Then did the princess view all three,
With a sweet and lovely grace,
And took Will Scarlèt by the hand,
Saying, here I make my choice.

With that a noble lord stepp'd forth,
Of Maxfield earl was he,
Who look'd Will Scarlèt in the face,
Then wept most bitterly.

Quoth he, I had a son like thee,
Whom I lov'd wond'rous well,
But he is gone, or rather dead,
His name is young Gamwell.

With that Will Scarlet fell on his knees,
Cries, father ! father ! here,
Here kneels your son, your young Gamwell,
You said you lov'd so dear.

But oh ! what embracing and kissing was there,
When all those friends were met ;
They are gone to wedding, and so to the bedding,
And so I bid you good night.

XX.—ROBIN HOOD AND THE RANGER.

WHEN Phoebus had melted the sickles of ice,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
And likewise the mountains of snow,
Bold Robin Hood he would frolicsome be,
And rambl'd about with his bow.

He left all his merry men waiting behind,
While through the green valleys he pass'd,
There did he behold a forester bold,
Who cry'd out, friend, whither so fast ?

I'm going, quoth Robin, to kill a fat buck
For me, and my merry men all ;
Besides, ere I go, I'll have a fat doe,
Or else it shall cost me a fall.

You'd best have a care, said the forester then,
For these are his Majesty's deer ;
Before you shall shoot, with you I'll dispute,
For I am head-forester here.

These thirteen long summers, quoth Robin, I'm sure,
My arrows I here have let fly,
Where freely I range, methinks it is strange
You should have more power than I.

This forest, quoth Robin, I think it my own,
And so are the nimble deer too ;
Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,
I wont be affronted by you.

The forester he had a long quarter staff,
Likewise a broad sword by his side ;
Which, without more ado, he presently drew,
Declaring the truth should be try'd.

Bold Robin he had a sword of the best,
Thus, ere he would take any wrong,
His courage was flush'd, he'd venture a brush,
And thus they fell to it ding dong.

The very first blow that the forester gave,
He made his broad weapon cry twang,
'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,
O that was a horrible bang.

But Robin he soon recovered himself,
And bravely fell to it again,
The very next stroke their weapons they broke,
Yet never a man there was slain.

At quarter staff then they resolved to play,
Because they would have t'her bout,
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,
Unwilling he was to give out.

Bold Robin he gave him many hard blows,
The other return'd them as fast ;
At ev'ry stroke their jackets did smoke :
Three hours this combat did last.

At length in a rage the bold forester grew,
And cudgell'd bold Robin so sore,
That he could not stand, so shaking his hand,
He cry'd, let us freely give o'er.

Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must confess,
I never knew any so good ;

Thou'rt fitting to be a yeoman for me,
And range in the merry Green Wood.

I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
For bravely thou'st acted thy part ;
That man that can fight, in him I delight,
And love him with all my whole heart.

Robin Hood setting his bugle horn to his mouth,
A blast then he merrily blows ;
His yeomen did hear, and straight did appear
A hundred with trusty long bows.

Now Little John came at the head of them all,
Cloth'd in a rich mantle of green ;
And likewise the rest were gloriously drest,
A delicate sight to be seen.

Lo ! these are my yeomen, said bold Robin Hood,
And thou shalt be one of the train,
A mantle and bow, a quiver also,
I give them whom I entertain.

The forester willingly entered the list,
They were such a beautiful sight ;
Then with a long bow they shot a fat doe,
And made a good supper that night.

What singing and dancing was in the Green Wood,
For joy of another new mate,
With mirth and delight they spent the whole night,
And liv'd at a plentiful rate.

The forester ne'er was so merry before,
As when he was with these brave souls,
Who never would fail, in wine, beer, and ale,
To take off their cherishing bowls.

Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,
Broad arrows, and curious long bow ;
This done, the next day, so gallant and gay,
He marched them all in a row.

Quoth he, my brave yeomen, be true to your trust,
And then we may range the woods wide :
They all did declare, and solemnly swear,
They'd conquer or die by his side.

XXI.—THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD'S ENTERTAINMENT BY ROBIN HOOD, LITTLE JOHN, &c. IN MERRY BARNSDALE.

SOME they will talk of Robin Hood,
And some of barons bold ;
But I'll tell you how he serv'd the bishop of Hereford,
When he robb'd him of his gold.

As it befel in merry Barnsdale,
All under the Green Wood Tree,
The bishop of Hereford was to come by,
With all his company.

Come, kill me a venison, then said Robin Hood,
Come, kill me a good fat deer ;
The bishop of Hereford is to dine with me to-day,
And he shall pay well for his cheer.

We'll kill a fat venison, said bold Robin Hood,
And dress it by the highway side ;
And we'll watch the bishop narrowly,
Lest some other way he should ride.

Robin Hood dress'd himself in shepherd's array,
And six of his men also ;
And when the bishop of Hereford came by, "
They about the fire did go.

O, what is the matter, then said the bishop,
Or for whom do you make this ado ?
Or why do you kill the king's venison,
When your company is so few ?

We are shepherds, said bold Robin Hood,
And we keep sheep all the year ;
And we are dispos'd to be merry to-day,
And to kill of the king's fat deer.

You are brave fellows, said the bishòp,
But the king of your doings shall know ;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go.

O pardon, O pardon, said bold Robin Hood,
O pardon, I thee pray,
For it becomes not your Lordship's coat
To take so many lives away.

No pardon, no pardon, says the bishòp,
No pardon I thee owe ;
Therefore make haste and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go.

Then Robin set his back against a tree,
And his foot against a thorn,
And from underneath his shepherd's coat
He pull'd out a bugle horn.

He put the little end to his mouth,
And a loud blast did he blow,
Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's men,
Came running all in a row ;

All making obeisance to bold Robin Hood,
'Twas a comely sight for to see :
What is the matter, master, said Little John,
That you blow so hastily ?

O here is the bishop of Hereford,
And no pardon we shall have ;
Cut off his head, master, said Little John,
And throw him into his grave.

O pardon, O pardon, said the bishòp,
O pardon, I thee pray ;
For if I had known it had been you,
I'd have gone some other way.

No pardon, no pardon, said Robin Hood,
No pardon, I thee owe ;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For to merry Barnsdale you shall go.
Then Robin took the bishop by the hand,
And led him to merry Barnsdale.
He made him stay and sup with him that night,
And to drink wine, beer, and ale.
Call in the reckoning, said the bishop,
For methinks it grows wond'rous high.
Lend me your purse, master, said Little John,
And I'll tell you bye and bye.
Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the bishop's portmanteau
He took three hundred pound.
Here's money enough, master, said Little John,
And a comely sight for to see ;
It makes me in charity with the bishop,
Tho' he heartily loveth not me.
Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
And caused the music to play ;
He made the bishop to dance in his boots,
And glad he could so get away.

XXII.—ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN.

A BONNY fine maid of a noble degree,
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
Maid Marian called by name,
Did live in the north, of excellent worth,
For she was a gallant dame.
For favour, and face, and beauty most rare,
Queen Helen she did excel ;
For Marian then was prais'd of all men
That did in the country dwell.

'Twas neither Rosamond, nor Jane Shore,
Whose beauty was clear and bright,
That could surpass this country lass,
Beloved of lord and knight.

The Earl of Huntingdon, nobly born,
That came of noble blood,
To Marian went with a good intent,
By the name of Robin Hood.

But fortune bearing these lovers a spight,
That soon they were forc'd to part ;
To the merry Green Wood then went Robin Hood
With a sad and sorrowful heart.

And Marian, poor soul, was troubl'd in mind,
For the absence of her friend,
With finger in eye, she often did cry,
And his person did much commend.

Perplexed and vexed, and troubled in mind,
She drest herself like a page,
And ranged the wood to find Robin Hood,
The bravest man in that age.

With quiver and bow, sword, buckler, and all,
Thus arm'd was Marian most bold,
Still wandering about, to find Robin out,
Whose person was better than gold.

But Robin Hood, he, himself had disguised,
And Marian was strangely attir'd,
That they proved foes, and so fell to blows,
Whose valour bold Robin admired.

They drew out their swords, and to cutting they went,
At least an hour or more,
That the blood ran apace from bold Robin's face,
And Marian was wounded sore.

O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
And thou shalt be one of my string,
To range in the wood with bold Robin Hood,
And hear the sweet nightingale sing.

When Marian did hear the voice of her love,
Herself she did quickly discover,
And with kisses sweet she did him greet,
Like to a most loyal lover.

When bold Robin Hood his Marian did see,
Good Lord ! what clipping was there,
With kind embraces, and jobbing of faces,
Providing of gallant cheer.

For Little John took his bow in his hand,
And wandered in the wood,
To kill the deer, and make good cheer,
For Marian and Robin Hood.

Then venison sweet they had to eat
All while they sat at dine ;
And merry were they in the shaded bower
With flaggons of good wine.

First Robin Hood began a health
To Marian his only dear,
And his yeomen all, both comely and tall,
Did quickly bring up the rear.

For in a brave venie they tost off the bowls,
Whilst thus they did remain,
And every cup as they drank up,
They filled with speed again.

At last they ended their merriment,
And went to walk in the wood,
Where Little John and maid Marian
Attended on bold Robin Hood.

In solid content together they liv'd,
With all their yeomen gay,
They lived by their hands without any lands,
And so they did many a day.

But now to conclude, an end I will make,
In time, as I think it good ;
For the people that dwell in the north can tell
Of Marian and bold Robin Hood.

XXIII.—ROBIN HOOD AND QUEEN
KATHARINE.

GOLD taken from the King's harbingers,

Down, a down, a down,

As seldom hath been seen, *Down, &c.*

And carried by bold Robin Hood

For a present to the queen. *Down, &c.*

If that I live one year to an end,

Thus did queen Katharine say,

Bold Robin Hood I'll be thy friend,

And all thy yeomen gay.

The queen is to her chamber gone,

As fast as she could wend ;

She calls unto her lovely page,

Nam'd Richard Patrington.

Come hither to me, thou lovely page,

Come thou hither unto me ;

For thou must post to Nottingham,

As fast as thou can drie.

And as thou goest to Nottingham,

Search all the English Wood ;

Inquire of every good yeoman,

That can tell of Robin Hood.

Sometimes he walk'd, sometimes he ran,

As fast as he could wend,

And when he came to Nottingham,

He there took up his inn.

And when he came to Nottingham,

And had took up his inn,

He call'd for a pottle of Rhenish wine,

And drank a health to his queen.

There sat a yeoman by his side,

Who said, sweet page, tell me,

What is thy business, or thy cause,

So far in the north countrie.

This is my business and my cause,
I'll tell it you for good,
To inquire of every good yeoman,
To tell me of Robin Hood.

I'll get my horse betimes in the morn,
Be it by break of day ;
And I will show thee Robin Hood,
And all his yeomen gay.

When he came to Robin Hood's place,
He fell down on his knee ;
Queen Katharine she does greet you well,
She greets you well by me.

She bids you post to fair London court,
Not fearing any thing ;
For there shall be a little sport,
So hath sent you her ring.

Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
It was of Lincoln green,
And sent it by this lovely page,
A present to the queen.

In summer time when leaves grow green,
It's a seemly sight to see,
How Robin Hood himself had dress'd,
And all his yeomandree.

He cloth'd his men in Lincoln green,
Himself in scarlet red,
Black hats, white feathers, all alike,
Now bold Robin Hood is rid.

And when he came to London court,
He fell down on his knee ;
Thou art welcome, Locksley, said the queen,
And all thy good yeomandree.

The king is into Finsbury field
Marching in battle ray,
And after follows Robin Hood
And all his yeomen gay.

Come hither, Tepus, said the king,
Bow-bearer, after me ;
Come measure me out with this line
How long our mark shall be.

What is the wager ? said the queen,
That I must now make here ;
Three hundred tun of Rhenish wine,
Three hundred tun of beer.

Three hundred of the fattest harts
That run on Dallom lee ;
That's a princely wager, said the king,
That I must needs tell thee.

With that bespoke one Clifton then,
Full quickly and full soon,
Measure no mark, most sovereign liege,
We'll shoot at sun and moon.

Full fifteen score our mark shall be,
Full fifteen score I'll stand ;
I'll lay my bow, said Clifton then,
I'll cleave the willow wand.

With that the king's archers led about
Till it was three and none ;
The ladies then began to shout,
Madam, your game is gone.

A boon, a boon, queen Katharine cries,
I crave it on my bare knee ;
Is there a knight of your privy-council,
Of Queen Katharine's part will be ?

Come hither to me, Sir Richard Lee,
Thou art a knight full good ;
For I do know by thy pedigree,
Thou sprang'st from Gower's blood.

Come hither, thou bishop of Hereford,
For a noble priest thou be ;
By my silver mitre, said the bishop,
I'll not bet one penny.

The king hath archers of his own,
Full ready and full light ;
And these be strangers every one,
No man knows what they hight.

What wilt thou bet ? said Robin Hood,
Thou seest our game the worse ;
By my silver mitre, said the bishop,
All the money within my purse.

What is in thy purse, said Robin Hood,
Throw it down on the ground ;
Fifteen score nobles, said the bishop,
It's near an hundred pound.

Robin Hood took his bag from his side,
And threw it down on the green ;
Will Scarlet then went smiling away,
I know who this money must win.

With that the king's archers led about,
While it was three and three ;
With that the ladies gave a shout,
Woodcock, beware thy knee.

It is three and three now, said the king,
The next three pays for all ;
Robin Hood went and whisper'd the queen,
The king's part shall be but small.

Then Robin Hood he led about,
He shot it under-hand,
And Clifton with a bearing arrow,
He clove the willow wand.

And Little Midge, the miller's son,
He shot not much the worse ;
He shot within a finger of the mark—
Now, bishop, beware thy purse.

A boon, a boon, Queen Katharine cries,
I crave it on my bare knee,
That thou wilt angry be with none
That is of my partie.

They shall have forty days to come,
And forty days to go,
And three times forty to sport and play,
Then welcome friend or foe.

Thou art welcome, Robin Hood, said the queen,
And so is Little John,
And so is Midge the miller's son,
Thrice welcome every one.

Is this Robin Hood? now said the king,
For it was told to me
That he was slain in the palace gates,
So far in the north countrie.

Is this Robin Hood? quoth the bishop then,
As it seems well to be,
Had I known it to have been that bold outlaw,
I would not have bet one penny.

He took me late one Saturday night,
And bound me fast to a tree;
And made me sing a mass, God wot,
To him and his yeomandree.

What, if I did, says Robin Hood,
Of that mass I was full fain;
For recompense of that, he says,
Here's half thy gold again.

Now nay, now nay, says Little John,
Master that may not be;
We must give gifts to the king's officers,
That gold will serve thee and me.

XXIV.—ROBIN HOOD'S CHASE;

*Or, a merry Progress between Robin Hood and
King Henry.*

COME you gallants all, to you I do call,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,
That now are within this place ;
For a song I will sing of Henry the king,
How bold Robin Hood he did chase.

Queen Katharine she a match did make,
As plainly doth appear ;
For three hundred tun of good red wine,
And three hundred tun of beer.

And yet she had her archers to seek,
With their bows and arrows so good,
But her mind it was bent, with a full intent,
To send for bold Robin Hood.

But when bold Robin he came there,
Queen Katharine she did say,
Thou art welcome, Locksley, unto me,
And all thy yeomen gay.

For a match of shooting I have made,
And thou on my part must be.
“ If I miss the mark, be it light or dark,
Then hanged will I be.”

But when the game came to be played,
Bold Robin won it with grace ;
But after, the king was angry with him,
And vow'd he would him chase.

What though his pardon granted was,
While he with them did stay,
But yet the king was vex'd at him,
When as he was gone his way.

Soon after the king from court did hie,
In a furious angry mood,
And oft inquired both far and near,
After bold Robin Hood.

But when the king to Nottingham came,
Bold Robin was in the wood ;
O come now, said he, and let me see
Who can find me bold Robin Hood.

But when that bold Robin he did hear,
The king had him in chase,
Then he said, Little John, 'tis time to be gone,
And go to another place.

Then away they went from merry Sherwood,
And to Yorkshire they did hie ;
And the king did follow with a whoop and a halloo,
But could not him come nigh.

Yet jolly Robin he passed along,
And went to Newcastle town,
And there staid hours two or three,
And then he for Berwick is gone.

When the king he did see how Robin did flee,
He was vexed wond'rous sore ;
With a whoop and a halloo he vow'd to follow,
And take him, or never give o'er.

Come, now let's away, then cries Little John,
Let any man follow that dare ;
To Carlisle we'll hie with our company,
And so then to Lancaster.

From Lancaster then to Chester they went,
And so did king Henry ;
But Robin away, for he durst not stay,
For fear of some treachery.

Says Robin, come let us for London go,
To see our noble queen's face ;
It may be she wants our company,
Which makes the king so us chase.

When Robin he came queen Katharine before,
He fell upon his knee ;
If it please your grace, I am come to this place
For to speak with king Henry.

Queen Katharine she answered bold Robin again,
The king he is gone to Sherwood,
And when he went away, to me he did say,
He would go and seek Robin Hood.

Then fare you well, my gracious queen,
To Sherwood I will hie apace ;
For fain would I see what he would have with me,
If I could but meet with his grace.

But when king Henry he came home,
Full weary and vex'd in mind ;
And when he did hear Robin Hood had been there,
He blam'd Dame Fortune unkind.

You're welcome home, queen Kath'rine cried,
Henry, my sovereign liege ;
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
Your person has been to seek.

But when king Henry he did hear,
That Robin had been there him to seek ;
This answer he gave, he's a cunning knave,
For I've sought him these whole three weeks.

A boon, a boon, queen Katharine cried,
I beg it of your grace,
To pardon his life, and seek no more strife ;
And so ends Robin Hood's chase.

XXV.—THE KING'S DISGUISE, AND FRIENDSHIP WITH ROBIN HOOD.

KING Richard hearing of the pranks
Of Robin Hood and his men,
He much admir'd, and more desir'd,
To see both him and them.

Then with a dozen of his lords
To Nottingham he rode ;
When he came there he made good cheer,
And took up his abode.

He having staid there some time,
But had no hopes to speed,
He and his lords, with one accord,
All put on monks' weeds.

From Fountaine's Abbey they did ride,
Down to Barnsdale ;
Where Robin Hood prepared stood
All company to assail.

The king was higher than the rest,
And Robin thought he had
An Abbot been whom he had seen,
To rob him he was glad.

He took the king's horse by the head :
Abbot, says he, abide ;
I'm bound to rue such knaves as you,
That live in pomp and pride.

But we are messengers from the king,
The king himself did say ;
Near to this place, his royal grace
To speak to thee does stay.

God save the king, quoth Robin Hood,
And all that wish him well ;
He that does deny his sovereignty,
I wish he was in hell.

Thyself thou currest, said the king,
For thou a traitor art ;
Nay, but that you are his messenger,
I swear you lie in heart.

For I never yet hurt any man,
That honest is and true ;
But those who give their minds to live
Upon other men's due.

I never hurt the husbandmen,
That use to till the ground ;
Nor spill their blood that range the wood
To follow hawk or hound.

My chiefest spite to clergy is,
Who in these days bear great sway ;
Of friars and monks, with their fine spunks,
I make my chiefest prey.

But I'm very glad, said Robin Hood,
That I have met you here ;
Come, before we end, you shall, my friend,
Taste of our Green Wood cheer.

The king he then did marvel much,
And so did all his men,
They thought with fear what kind of cheer
Robin would provide for them.

Robin took the king's horse by the head,
And led him to his tent ;
Thou should'st not be so us'd, quoth he,
But that my king thee sent.

Nay, more than that, said Robin Hood,
For good King Richard's sake,
If you had as much gold as ever I told,
I would not one penny take.

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And a loud blast he did blow,
Till a hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men
Came marching all on a row.

And when they came bold Robin before,
Each man did bend his knee ;
O, thought the king, 'tis a gallant thing,
And a seemly sight to see.

Within himself the king did say,
These men of Robin Hood's
More humble be than mine to me,
So the court may learn of the woods.

So then they all to dinner went,
Upon a carpet green ;
Black, yellow, red, fine mingled,
Most curious to be seen.

Venison and fowls were plenty there,
With fish out of the river ;
King Richard swore, on sea or shore,
He never was feasted better.

Then Robin takes a can of ale,
Come let us now begin ;
And every man shall have his can,
Here's a health unto the king.

Then the king himself drank to the king,
So round about it went ;
Two barrels of ale, both stout and stale,
To pledge that health was spent.

And after that a bowl of wine
In his hand took Robin Hood :
Until I die, I'll drink wine, said he,
While I live in the Green Wood.

Bend all your bows, said Robin Hood,
And with a gray goose wing,
Such sport now show as you would do
In presence of the king.

They showed such brave archery,
By cleaving sticks and wands,
That the king did say, such men as they
Live not in many lands.

Well Robin Hood, then says the king,
If I could thy pardon get,
To serve the king in every thing,
Would'st thou thy mind firm set ?

Yes, with all my heart, bold Robin Hood said ;
So they flung off their hoods ;
To serve the king in every thing,
They swore they would spend their blood.

For a clergyman was first my bane,
Which makes me hate them all ;
But if you'll be so kind to me,
Love them again I shall.

The king no longer could forbear,
For he was mov'd from ruth ;
Robin, said he, I now tell thee,
The very naked truth :

I am thy king, thy sovereign king,
That appears before you all ;
When Robin saw that it was he,
Straight then he down did fall.

Stand up again, then said the king,
I'll thee thy pardon give ;
Stand up, my friend, who can contend
When I give leave to live ?

So they're all gone to Nottingham,
All shouting as they came ;
But when the people did them see,
They thought the king was slain.

And, for that cause the outlaws were come,
To rule as they did list ;
And for to shun, which way to run,
The people did not wist.

The ploughman left his plough in the field,
The smith ran from his shop ;
Old folks also that scarce could go,
Over their sticks did hop.

The king soon did let them understand
He had been in the Green Wood ;
And from that day, for evermore,
Had forgiven Robin Hood :

Which, when the people they did hear,
And that the truth was known,
They all did sing, God save the king,
Hang care, the town's our own.

What's that Robin Hood ? then said the sheriff,
That varlet I do hate ;

Both me and mine he caus'd to dine,
And serv'd us all with one plate.

Ho, ho, said Robin, I know what you mean,
Come, take your gold again ;
Be friends with me, and I with thee,
And so with every man.

Now, master sheriff, you are paid,
And since you are beginner,
As well as you give me my due,
For you ne'er paid for that dinner.

But if that it should please the king,
So much your house to grace,
To sup with you, for to speak true,
I know you ne'er was base.

The sheriff could not that gainsay,
For a trick was put upon him ;
A supper was dress'd, the king was guest,
But he thought it would have undone him.

They're all gone now to London court,
Robin Hood with all his train ;
He once was there a noble peer,
And now he's there again.

Many such pranks brave Robin play'd
While he liv'd in the Green Wood ;
Now my friends attend, for here's an end
Of honest bold Robin Hood.

XXVI.—ROBIN HOOD AND THE GOLDEN ARROW.

WHEN as the sheriff of Nottingham
Was come with mickle grief,
He talk'd no good of Robin Hood,
That strong and sturdy thief.

So unto London road he pass'd,
His losses to unfold,
To King Richard, who did regard
The tale that he had told.

Why, quoth the king, what shall I do ?
Art thou not sheriff for me ?
The law is in force, take thy course
Of them that injure thee.

Go, get thee gone, and by thyself
Devise some tricking game,
For to enthrall yon rebels all ;
Go, take thy course with them.

So away the sheriff he return'd,
And by the way he thought
On the words of the king, and how the thing
To pass might well be brought.

For within his mind he imagined
That when such matches were,
These outlaws stout, without all doubt,
Would be the bowmen there.

So an arrow with a golden head,
And shaft of silver white,
Who won the day should bear away
For his own proper right.

Tidings came to bold Robin Hood,
Under the Green Wood tree ;
Come, prepare you then, my merry men,
We'll go this sport to see.

With that stepp'd forth a brave young man,
David of Doncastèr :
Master, said he, be rul'd by me,
From the Green Wood we'll not stir ;

To tell the truth, I'm well inform'd
This match it is a wile ;
The sheriff, I wiss, devises this,
Us archers to beguile.

Thou smells of a coward, said Robin Hood,
Thy words do not please me ;
Come on't what will, I'll try my skill
At yon brave archery.

O then bespoke brave Little John,
Come let us thither gang ;
Come listen to me. how it shall be,
That we need not be kenn'd.

Our mantles all of Lincoln green,
Behind us we will leave ;
We'll dress us all so several,
They shall not us perceive.

One shall wear white, another red,
One yellow, another blue,
Thus in disguise, to the exercise
We'll gang, whate'er ensue.

Forth from the Green Wood they are gone,
With hearts all firm and stout,
Resolving then with the sheriff's men
To have a merry bout.

So themselves they mixed with the rest,
To prevent all suspicion ;
For if they should together hold,
They thought it no discretion.

So the sheriff looking round about,
Amongst eight hundred men,
But could not see the sight that he
Had long expected then.

Some said, if Robin Hood was here,
And all his men to boot,
Sure none of them could pass these men,
So bravely they do shoot.

Ay, quoth the sheriff, and scratch'd his head,
I thought he would have been here ;
I thought he would, but though he's bold,
He durst not now appear.

O that word griev'd Robin Hood to the heart,
He vexed in his blood :

Ere long, thought he, thou well shalt see
That here was Robin Hood.

Some cry'd Blue jacket, another cry'd Brown,
And the third cry'd Brave yellow,
But the fourth man said, Yon man in Red
In this place has no fellow :

For that was Robin Hood himself,
For he was cloth'd in red,
At every shot the prize he got,
For he was both sure and dead.

So the arrow with the golden head,
And shaft of silver white,
Bold Robin Hood won, and bore with him,
For his own proper right.

These outlaws there that very day,
To shun all kinds of doubt,
By three or four, no less nor more,
As they went in came out,

Until they all assembled were
Under the Green Wood shade,
Where they report, in pleasant sport,
What brave pastime they made.

Says Robin Hood, all my care is,
How that yon sheriff may
Know certainly that it was I
That bore his arrow away.

Says Little John, my counsel good,
Did take effect before ;
So therefore now, if you'll allow,
I will advise once more.

Speak on, speak on, said Robin Hood,
Thy wit's both quick and sound ;
I know no man amongst us can
For wit like thee be found.

This I advise, then said Little John,
That a letter shall be penn'd,
And, when it is done, to Nottingham
You it to the sheriff shall send.

That's well advis'd, said Robin Hood,
But how must it be sent ?
Pugh ! when you please, 'tis done with ease,
Master, be thou content.

I'll stick it on my arrow's head,
And shoot it into the town ;
The mark shall show where it must go,
Whenever it lights down.

The project it was well perform'd ;
The sheriff the letter had,
Which, when he read, he scratch'd his head,
And rav'd like one that's mad.

So we'll leave him chaffing in his grease,
Which will do him no good.
Now my friends attend and hear the end
Of honest Robin Hood.

XXVII.—ROBIN HOOD AND THE VALIANT KNIGHT.

WHEN Robin Hood and his merry men all,
Derry, derry down,
Had reigned many years,
The king was then told that they had been bold
To his bishops and noble peers.
Hey down, derry, derry down.

Therefore he called a council of state,
To know what was best to be done
For to quell their pride, or else, they reply'd,
The land would be overrun.

Having consulted a whole summer's day,
At length it was agreed
That one should be sent to try the event,
And fetch him away with speed.

Therefore a trusty and most worthy knight
The king was pleas'd to call,
Sir William by name, when to him he came,
He told him his pleasure all.

Go you from hence to bold Robin Hood,
And bid him without more ado,
Surrender himself, or else the proud elf
Shall suffer with all his crew.

Take here an hundred bowmen brave,
All chosen men of might,
Of excellent art, to take thy own part,
In glittering armour bright.

Then said the knight, my sovereign liege,
By me they shall be led ;
I'll venture my blood against bold Robin Hood,
And bring him alive or dead.

One hundred men were chosen straight,
As proper as e'er man saw ;
One midsummer day they marched away
To conquer that brave outlaw.

With long yew bows and shining spears,
They march'd in mickle pride,
And never delay'd, nor baited, nor staid,
Till they came to the Green Wood side,

Said he to his archers, tarry here,
Your bows make ready all,
That need should be, you may follow me,
And see you observe my call ;

I'll go in person first, he cry'd,
With the letters of my good king ;
Well sign'd and seal'd, and if he will yield,
We need not draw one string.

He wander'd about, till at length he came
To the tent of Robin Hood ;
The letters he shows, bold Robin arose,
And there on his guard he stood.

They'd have me surrender, quoth bold Robin Hood,
And lie at their mercy then,
But tell them from me, that never shall be,
While I have full seven score men.

Sir William the knight, both hardy and bold,
Did offer to seize him there,
Which William Locksley by fortune did see,
And bid him that trick to forbear.

Then Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
And blew a blast or twain,
And so did the knight, at which there in sight
The archers came all amain.

Sir William with care he drew up his men,
And plac'd them in battle array ;
Bold Robin, we find, he was not behind,
Now this was a bloody fray ;

The archers on both sides bent their bows,
And the cloud of arrows flew ;
The very first flight that honour'd knight
Did there bid the world adieu.

Yet nevertheless their fight did last
From morning till almost noon,
Both parties were stout, and loth to give out,
This was on the last day of June.

At length they went off ; one party they went
To London with free good will ;
And Robin Hood he to the Green Wood tree,
And there he was taken ill.

He sent for a monk to let him blood,
Which took his life away :
Now this being done, his archers they run,
It was no time to stay.

Some got on board, and cross'd the seas
To Flanders, France, and Spain,
And others to Rome, for fear of their doom,
But soon return'd again.

XXVIII.—ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURLAL.

WHEN Robin Hood and Little John,
Down, a-down, a-down, a-down,
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood to little John,
We have shot for many a pound.
Hey down, a-down, a-down.

But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My arrows will not flee ;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me.

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
As fast as he can win ;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley Hall,
He knock'd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself,
For to let bold Robin in.

Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin, she said,
And drink some beer with me ?
No ; I will neither eat nor drink
Till I am blooded by thee.

Well, I have a room, cousin Robin, she said,
Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be.

She took him by the lily white hand,
And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
Whilst one drop of blood would run.
She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room.
There did he bleed all the live long day,
Until the next day at noon.
He then bethought him of a casement door,
Thinking for to be gone,
He was so weak he could not leap,
Nor he could not get down.
He then bethought him of his bugle horn,
Which hung low down to his knee ;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.
Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under the tree,
“ I fear my master is near dead,
He blows so wearily.”
Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can dree ;
But when he came to Kirkley Hall,
He broke locks two or three :
Until he came bold Robin to,
Then he fell down on his knee ;
A boon, a boon, cries Little John,
Master, I beg of thee.
What is that boon, quoth Robin Hood,
Little John, thou begs of me ?
It is to burn fair Kirkley Hall,
And all their nunnery.
Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
That boon I'll not grant thee ;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman's company :
I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be.

But give me my bent bow in my hand,
 And a broad arrow I'll let flee ;
 And where this arrow is taken up,
 There shall my grave digged be.

Lay me a green sod under my head,
 And another at my feet,
 And lay my bent bow by my side,
 Which was my music sweet ;
 And make my grave of gravel and green,
 Which is most right and meet.

Let me have length and breadth enough,
 With a green sod under my head,
 That they may say when I am dead,
 Here lies bold Robin Hood.

These words they readily promised him,
 Which did bold Robin please ;
 And there they buried bold Robin Hood
 Near to the fair Kirkleys.

XXX.—ROBIN HOOD'S EPITAPH.

Þear underneað ðis laſt ſtean -
 laſt robert earl of Þuntingtun
 near arcit ber aþ hi ſa geuð
 an pipl kauld im robin heuð
 ſic utlawþ aþ hi an hiſ men
 biſ england nebr ſi agen.

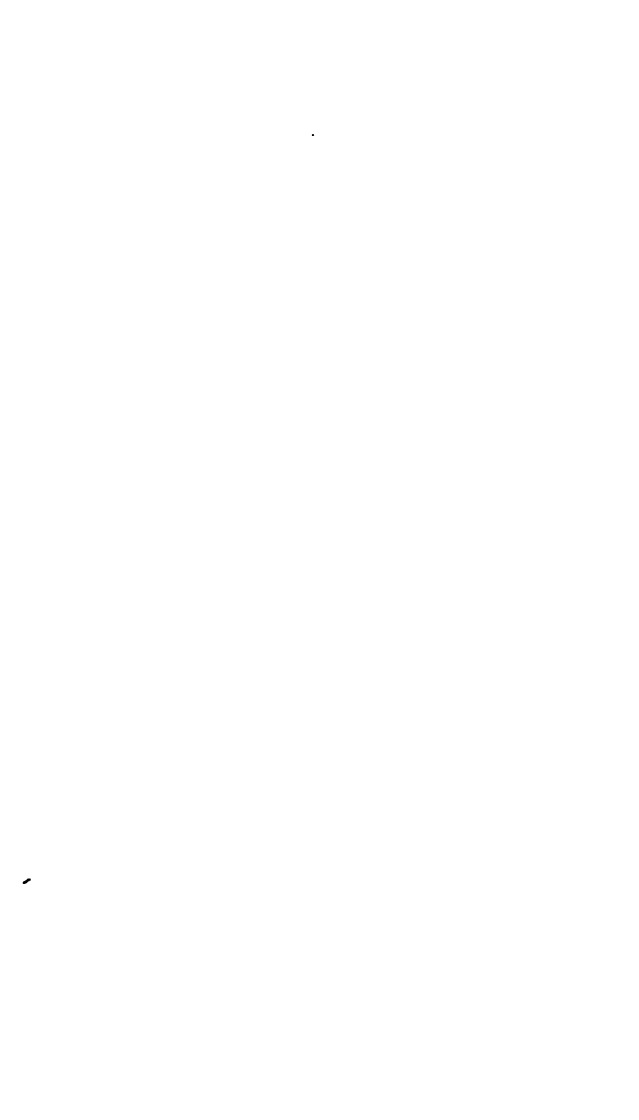
obiit 24 kal dekembris 1247.

FINIS.



13

10
7



10

11

1 to
'a



